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ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.\*

THE discovery of the northwest passage is the final solution of a problem sought through many an arduous struggle during the course of three hundred years, and the successful realization of a project cherished in Great Britain ever since the time when Nuñez de Balboa waded into the sea at Panama, and striking it with his sword, claimed the broad Pacific as the property of Spain (A.D. 1513).

The northwest passage, Commander Sherard Osborn justly remarks, would never have been discovered but for the devotion of Franklin, his officers, and men; they each volunteered for that duty, and fell in the performance of it. The party from the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which perished, it appears, on the Great Fish River, must have fallen at the very moment that they had added the link that was wanting to connect the known coasts of the Parry Archipelago with that of the American continent. They did not, like the *Investigator*, achieve the passage by actually passing from ocean to ocean; but it is perfectly possible—and it causes an involuntary shudder to think of such a possibility—that at the very moment when Captain M'Clure stood on the northern coast of Banks Land, and assured himself of a water communication between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, some lonely survivors of Franklin's expedition may have been watching from King William's Land—that known highway to Behring's Strait, which Dease and Simpson had traversed many years before—a pathway upon whose entrance they yielded up their gallant spirits. Captain M'Clure and his followers can well afford to surrender cheerfully to the illustrious dead that share of the honor reaped which is their due.

Franklin and his hundred and thirty-eight followers were the forlorn hope of the north-

west passage. By the sacrifice of their lives they have secured to us, their countrymen, an honor that, perhaps, might otherwise never have been won; for it was in seeking for them that Captain M'Clure and his gallant officers and crew succeeded, for the first time in the annals of the world, in passing from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. In the eloquent words of Lord Stanley and Sir Edward Parry, when addressing Captain Cresswell, who first brought the intelligence to England, in 1853, "it was a triumph that would not be valued the less highly because it was not stained by bloodshed—a triumph which was not embittered by any single painful or melancholy reminiscence—a triumph, not over man, but over nature—a triumph which inflicts no injury, and which humiliates no enemy—a triumph, not for this age alone, but for posterity—not for England only, but for mankind."

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, it will be remembered, had failed in their attempt to get to the westward of Leopold Island in 1849, and only escaped from that inhospitable region to be beset in the drifting pack-ice of Barrow's Strait, and swept with it out of Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay, so that they could but just secure their retreat to England before the Arctic Seas became generally sealed for the season. When it was determined by government to resume the search, the very same winter, after Sir John Franklin's missing ships, by the way of Behring's Strait, tempest-tossed and ice-worn though they were, a little dock-yard work soon put the two good ships into proper condition for once more resuming their contest with floe and iceberg, and Captain Richard Collinson, C.B., was appointed to the one, and Commander, now Captain, Sir Robert le Mesurier M'Clure, to the other.

The little squadron sailed from Plymouth on the 20th of January, 1850, and doubling Cape Horn, crossed the Arctic Circle on the 24th of July, in the same year, after a long and tedious navigation. The first to greet them was the *Plover* dépôt ship, then commanded by Commander Moore, and on the 31st they fell in with the *Herald*, Captain

\* The Discovery of the Northwest Passage by H.M.S. *Investigator*, Captain R. M'Clure, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854. Edited by Commander Sherard Osborn. Longman and Co.

Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853, 1854, 1855. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. Childs and Peterson. Philadelphia.

Kellett, employed in cruising about the strait in the chance of falling in with the squadron of Sir John Franklin, should either of his ships have accomplished the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. On the 2nd of August the first ice was seen, extending across ahead. On getting close to it immense herds of walruses were seen basking upon the loose masses: huge bulls, with splendid tusks, which would have delighted the eye of a Gordon Cumming; females, with their numerous cubs playing about, formed a sight novel and interesting even to the old Greenland ice-master. A gun was at first loaded with grape and canister for the purpose of shooting some of them; but the order was countermanded by Captain M'Clure, from the kindly feelings awakened by the affection evinced between the mothers and babes of this brute community. Some of these creatures were conjectured to weigh as much as thirty-five hundred-weight, and the ice, when relieved of their weight, rose about two feet.

On the 5th of August the *Investigator* rounded Point Barrow, the northwest extremity of the American continent. There was good promise in this beginning; the difficulty had never before been mastered by a ship, although effected by boats, and from thence they considered their progress as commencing towards the eastward, and towards home! An anticipation which was luckily afterwards realized as far as the crew were concerned, although not so with regard to the ill-fated ship that bore them. The ice barred all progress towards Melville Island, and Captain M'Clure had to struggle eastward in the land water, or comparatively open space, that lay between the American coast and the line of heavy ice. Progress in such a sea was naturally very slow. On the one hand, lay a low and dangerous coast, devoid of any shelter or haven; on the other, a barrier of packed ice; and the intervening space was obstructed by stray masses, so dense and heavy as to cause the vessel to tremble in every timber whenever she accidentally struck any of them. At one moment they were sailing in a dense fog, the land lead and lookout man their only security against shipwreck; and at another in a gleam of sunshine and calm, towing with all their boats ahead.

The coast of America is described as being in these parallels "one vast plain," and the bottom of the sea partook of the level nature

of the land, and was so shallow that the heavier ice outside was generally aground. Interviews with the natives constituted a frequent and agreeable break in the daily routine. With one exception—at Point Warren—they were friendly, although always given to thieving: and at Cape Bathurst they were so amicably disposed that, we are told, some of the men, in the solitudes of Banks Land, "often looked back to Cape Bathurst with a sigh, and would have exchanged, for the certainty of existence there, the uncertain prospect of a return to Europe."

On the 4th of September large fires were seen on shore in the bay between Capes Bathurst and Parry, and, from the cursory description given, they appear to have had their origin in the decomposition of pyrites in anthracitous clays or shales—a not uncommon phenomenon. On the 6th, high, bold land was first discerned to the northeast, off Cape Parry; and the next day Captain M'Clure landed, and christened the land "Baring Island," a name which afterwards—upon finding that the headland, full 1000 feet high, constituted the southernmost point of Banks Land—was changed to Baring Land. Traces were perceived of reindeer, hares, geese, and ducks, and some flowering plants were found.

The vessel worked hence along the newly discovered coast to the northeast. The outline was in general picturesque, and sloping to the sea. Limestone prevailed, and the rocks were covered with a considerable amount of verdure. On the 9th, land—subsequently called Prince Albert Land—showed out on the starboard bow, and they found that they were running into a strait or deep inlet. The greatest anxiety was naturally felt as to which would turn out to be the real case. On the 10th the strait contracted to a width of fourteen miles, ranges of mountains, covered with snow, were seen in the interior of Albert Land, and a few gulls still lingered among the smaller islands in the channel. They felt as if they would have given all they held dear in life for another week of summer, for they were convinced that they were in the northwest passage. But it was destined to be otherwise: the very next day, the 11th, the ice, acted upon by a fresh northwest gale, rolled down the strait and beset the ship, whose position became most critical. On the 15th, the wind veering

more to the southward, they were enabled to make a little progress towards Barrow's Strait, and on the 17th of September, 1850, they reached their most advanced position in the so-called "Prince of Wales Strait," about *thirty miles* from the waters of that series of straits, which, under the names of Melville, Barrow, and Lancaster, communicate with Baffin's Bay. Nothing half so tantalizing occurs in previous accounts of Arctic exploration, replete as they are with hair-breadth escapes and perilous mishaps.

At this point, then, when so near the end of the strait, the ice hemmed in by the heavy pack of Melville Strait ceased to drift, and to winter voluntarily in the pack was as confidently decided upon as if Arctic authorities had never said that such an attempt would result in certain destruction; and that same reliance upon an overruling Providence which never for a moment deserted them, and had carried them so far successfully, cheered them in their grievous disappointment, and relieved the anxieties which their novel experiment gave rise to.

Although the ice had formed round the ship, still it was some time before it became quiescent. At times a pressure would take place upon opposite sides of the body; at another time the whole body of the pack, acted upon by the winds, would move up or down the strait, carrying the resistless ship with it. Sometimes the motion manifested itself in the shape of severe pressure, there being no water of sufficient space to allow the pack to drift either north or south. Hence, whether on being drifted towards the cliffs of Princess Royal Island or nipped by the pack, they remained for some time in momentary expectation of a final catastrophe.

During the winter, various reconnoitring excursions were made. On the occasion of one of the earliest of these, the party found on their return the land or fixed ice separated from the sea floes by fifty yards of clear, black water. Luckily another party came to their relief with a Halkett boat. A next excursion was made to a hill six hundred feet above the sea level, at the entrance to the strait, and whence they saw the frozen waters of Melville Strait lying between them and Melville Island. This was the first discovery of a (frozen up) northwest passage. All doubt as to water communication, how-

ever, during some short season of the year, between the two oceans, was forever removed.

"The feelings of Captain M'Clure and his companions may be easily understood when we remember what they had gone through to earn this success, and how the hand of the All-powerful had borne them through no ordinary dangers in their gallant efforts; but no arrogant self-estimation formed part of the crowd of tumultuous feelings which made their hearts beat so high, and never from the lips of man burst a more fervent '*Thank God!*' than now from those of that little company.

"And we feel that they had reason to be proud as well as grateful, when we call to mind the time, the money, the men, which England had previously lavished, without success, on the discovery of this great geographical problem.

"Franklin and his heroic followers had, indeed, not been found; but, in seeking them, the great secret they had sought to solve had been unravelled, and Captain M'Clure felt that, even should he be so unfortunate as never to discover the missing expedition, he nevertheless should not return to his country with empty hands."

The travellers encamped that night on Cape Lord John Russell, as the spot was designated, and cheered lustily as they reached the shores of Barrow's Strait. A mimic bonfire of a broken sledge and dwarf willow was lighted by the seamen in celebration of the event, and an extra glass of grog, given them by their leader, completed their happiness. Much vegetation for such a latitude was visible, as also numerous traces of animals and birds, such as deer, hare, and ptarmigan, as well as of their destroyers, the fox and the wolf; but not one of the animals themselves was seen. On their return, an incident occurred which shows that man may, after all, sleep on the ice with the thermometer at 15 degrees below zero, and wake up again; for Captain M'Clure, starting off in advance, lost his way in a mist and snow-drift, slept three hours "upon a famous bed of soft, dry snow," under the lee of a slab of ice, and walked about the rest of the night, till daylight enabled him to regain his ship.

During the absence of their captain, the officers of the *Investigator* had succeeded in killing a fine herd of musk oxen, consisting of three bulls, a cow, and a calf, yielding a most welcome supply of 1296 pounds of fresh

meat. On the 11th of November the bright edge of the upper limb of the sun rolled slowly along the southern horizon, and bade them adieu for eleven long weeks. The long night of a Polar winter had commenced.

The minute details of the daily events of an Arctic winter have been so often described that it is unnecessary to recount them. In this instance they consisted only of a record of decreasing warmth and daylight, broken sometimes by the more than usual brilliancy of an aurora borealis, or a great frequency of shooting-stars. The Arctic fox, as usual, came to visit the intruders, but only to be trapped, and have his snow-white fur packed up to ornament the neck of some fair lady at home. The Arctic raven, the hardiest of the feathered tribes, was seen in the depth of the season to flit through the cold and sunless atmosphere like an evil spirit. Early one dark and icy morning in January, a man named John Eames was walking out upon the floe, and to his great surprise he saw a small herd of reindeer trotting past close to him. Ptarmigan were also seen in the depth of winter, and Captain M'Clure and Commander Osborn assert that there have been found indubitable proofs of the reindeer, bear, musk ox, marmot, wolf, hare, and ptarmigan—in short, all the fauna of those climes—wintering in the latitudes in which they are found during the summer—the want of sufficient light alone preventing successful hunting. A raven which had haunted the ship during the period of cold and darkness left it before the sun reappeared, and his departure was sensibly felt by every one on board.

On the 3rd of February the glorious sun rose again, and preparations were made for hunting parties and for more extensive excursions. Three sledge expeditions were organized, one to the southeast, following the coast of Prince Albert Land, another to the northwest, along the coast of Banks Land, and the third to explore the northeast of Albert Land. It would be but an uninteresting repetition of an oft-told tale to follow each party in its arduous and monotonous labors, in which, however, they were cheered by the then still strong hope of finding Franklin's last expedition.

As spring progressed, signs of a change increased rapidly. First came a seal at the hole in the floe kept open near the ship in case of fire; then a large Polar bear; and

lastly hares and ptarmigan. Among the startling narratives of Arctic escapes few exceed that of Whitfield, one of the hunters, who lost his way in a snow-drift, and was found within a yard of the tent, stiff and rigid as a corpse, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed, his mouth open and filled with snow, his gun slung over his shoulder, and his body being fast buried in a snow-wreath. When happily brought to himself, he related that whilst struggling with the snow-storm he felt a chill, and then a fit came on, during which he imagined people came close to him; he had partially recovered, and discovering a track, had nearly reached the tent door, when he was overtaken by another fit, and had sunk down a yard from the tent door in the attitude of supplication in which he was found. Had not one of the hunters looked out of the door by chance, he must have been frozen to death in that position within a yard of a place of refuge!

There was great joy on board the *Investigator* from the 10th to the 14th of July. The floe had commenced breaking up, and on the 17th the good ship cast off, only, however, to be caught in the pack ice, and once more drifted with the crushing floes against the cliffs of Princess Royal Island. Finally she drifted to the tantalizing distance of twenty-five miles from the waters of Barrow's Strait. Further than that, no effort could advance the ship; the young ice at nights had already begun to form again, the sun once more set at night, the pack ice closed up the exit, and Captain M'Clure was obliged to give the passage up as a hopeless thing, and to retrace his steps, in order that by going round by the south of Banks Land he might try and reach Melville Island from that direction.

It was a truly grievous position to be placed in, to be within some thirty miles of a clear sea, which, had they once been able to pass into, they could have reached England the same summer, and to have to turn back with the prospects of another winter in the Polar regions; but the ice was as inexorable as if the Isthmus of Panama had stood between them and the Atlantic, and there was no help for it. At first matters went on well, in their southerly progress; not a particle of ice was met with. Floes, hummocks, and the huge piles of ice that fringed the coast had alike disappeared. On the 8th of August



the *Investigator* had run the extraordinary distance, in such a latitude, of 300 miles, passing the southern extremity of Banks Land, and the land beyond that trended in a northwestern and northerly direction. On that day, however, the pack was seen to the westward, leaving only a lane of a few miles in width of clear water between it and the shore. Unfortunately, the next day a remarkable change took place: this lane had diminished to 200 yards in width, with lofty ice on one side, and the coast abrupt and precipitous as a wall on the other. The ice drew forty and fifty feet water, and rose in rolling hills upon the surface, some of them 100 feet from base to summit. If the pack had set in with its vast force against the sheer cliff, nothing could have saved them. This will serve to give an idea of the extreme peril incurred at this stage of the voyage, and the details of each day contain an account of one or more hair-breadth escapes. At one time the ice, pressed from behind, slowly reared itself on its edge close to the ship's bows, until the upper part was higher than the ship's mast-head, and had but to topple over to sink her and her crew under its weight. At this critical moment there was a shout of joy, for the mass broke up, and they were saved! Time after time the good ship was given up as lost, and as providentially saved.

They were now upon the northwest extreme of Banks Land, and whilst detained in this dangerous locality, officers and men rambled into the interior, which they found far from being so sterile as the view of it from the sea had led them to expect. The most singular discovery made was that of a great accumulation of fossil trees in a country where in the present day the ground willow and dwarf birch struggle for existence. At a subsequent period Lieutenant Meeham met with a similar kind of fossil forest in Prince Patrick Island, nearly 120 miles farther north. Such a discovery would seem almost to suggest that if the northwest passage was cleared of the ice which at present encumbers its straits, and probably keeps down the temperature, a different climate might be the result.

On the 1st of September winter appeared to have overtaken the *Investigator* in her forlorn position, but on the 18th the wind veered and the ice went off from the coast, carrying the ship with it, drifting her to the

northwards. On the 19th, having got free of the ice which clung to her sides, the *Investigator* got into a lane of water stretching eastwards, and on the 22nd, rounding Cape Austin, fairly entered into Melville Strait. At length, on the 24th, they found themselves, after many perilous escapes, in a large bay, and seeing that it was impossible to round its northeastern horn, Captain M'Clure made up his mind to winter where he was; and in token of his gratitude to a kind Providence, he appropriately called it "The Bay of Mercy."

With slight exceptions, the arrangements made were much the same as those of 1850-51. The allowance of food had to be reduced, to meet the possible contingency of an escape from the ice not being effected the following year; but this inconvenience was to some extent obviated by its being discovered that the land teemed with deer and hares, and by the time winter set in, in addition to small birds, nine deer and fifty-three hares had been shot, their flesh adding to the resources of the ship. The herds of deer and troops of hares that congregated on the broad plains of dwarf willow, reindeer moss, and coarse grasses in the interior, are described as being perfectly marvellous. Wolves and foxes also abounded, and as cold and darkness increased, the former, pressed by hunger, used to haunt the ship to a disagreeable extent; and the sad prolonged howl of these gaunt creatures in the long nights, added, if possible, to the dismal character of the scene. Two ravens also established themselves as friends of the family in Mercy Bay, and used to trick the ship's dog out of his meals by enticing him away, flying a few yards at a time, he running at them till they had got him some distance away, when they would make a direct flight back, and have done good execution before the mortified dog detected the imposition practised upon him, and rushed back again.

December came in with those tremendous snow-storms which are perhaps the most frightful visitations of the Polar regions; but after the new year the weather was fine, with a keen and steady cold of from seventy to eighty degrees below the freezing point of water—a temperature which severely tests the vital energies of man. Yet what with cheerfulness, exercise, and regular habits, the crew were in excellent health. Sergeant

Woon, of the Marines, saved the life of a man who, as in the previous case alluded to, had, whilst out shooting, lost his way in a fog, then his presence of mind, to which had succeeded fits. The sergeant either carried him on his back or rolled him down hills for ten long hours, till he got him within a mile of the ship, at a time when succor was near at hand. When that succor did come the man lay with his arms raised, and rigid in that position, his eyes open, and his mouth so firmly frozen as to require much force to open it for the purpose of pouring restoratives down his throat, whilst his hands, feet, and face were much frostbitten. These two cases illustrate in a striking manner not only the effect of intense cold on the body and mind, but also how much the safety of the one depends upon the exercise of the other.

On the 5th of February the sun was seen above the horizon, and the sportsmen became more successful, scarcely a day passing without a deer or hare being shot; and keen must have been the hunger of those sportsmen, for more than one of them, when, after a long and weary walk, he shot a deer or hare, refreshed himself with a draught of the animal's hot blood, or by eating a mouthful or two of the raw meat. The wolves had also become exceedingly bold, and tales are told of the sportsman pulling at one end of a slain deer and the wolves at the other!

On the 11th of April, 1852, a sledge excursion was made to Winter Harbor, Melville Island—the old winter quarters of Sir Edward Parry—and notice found of Lieutenant M'Clintock's having been there from the west the previous summer. Strange to say, shortly after this, a sledge party from the *Enterprise*, which had wintered at the south end of Prince of Wales Strait, after having been up to near its northern extremity, and having been foiled, like the *Investigator*, in getting into Melville Strait, actually visited the same spot, without either party knowing that the other was so close, so great is the difficulty of meeting one another in regions like those of the Arctic archipelago.

Although the sportsmen continued to meet with great success, and at one period no less than twenty head of deer were hanging up round the ship, yielding a thousand pounds

of meat, scurvy began to show itself, and to make marked progress among the crew. On the 1st of July there were six men in their beds, and sixteen had evident symptoms of debility with incipient scurvy. On the 16th open water was seen in the straits, but the ice in the bay prevented their getting to it, and on the 24th the lead of water had closed!

In October the deer and hares began to return to their winter feeding grounds. The wolves harassed the former so, that the poor creatures actually fled to the ship for protection; but still the men were thin, and hungry, or sickly. The salt meat was now just thrown into boiling water, to warm it and extract the salt, and then eaten raw. The allowance of spirits had also to be diminished to half a gill per diem. There were two breaks to this prolonged Arctic fast—one on the 26th of October, the anniversary of the discovery of the northwest passage, the other on Christmas-day. If the bill of fare was not precisely such as depicted by Dr. Véron as indulged in by the successful speculators at the Bourse, it was by no means contemptible, including plum-pudding, Banks Land venison, Mercy Bay hare soup, ptarmigan pasties, and some musk ox beef, which had hung in the rigging for two years and odd months.

The *Enterprise*, it is to be observed, passed the same winter, 1852-53, in Cambridge Bay, Wollaston Land, 120 miles from King William's Land, where some forty of Franklin's men were first seen by the Esquimaux, and 200 miles from the Great Fish River, the entrance of which a boat belonging to the lost expedition has since been found to have reached. Had the sledge parties which pushed on to the northeast visited King William's Land, they would possibly have found the *Erebus* and *Terror* locked up in some such ice-bound harbor as that in which the *Investigator* was imprisoned, and ultimately abandoned. But so it may also be said that if a document had been discovered of their intended course at Beechey Island, and the whole strength of that division of sledgers which were detached from Captain Austin's expedition to Melville Island and Banks Land had been turned upon Peel Strait, they would have reached King William's Land, and saved Franklin's crew. It is easy to point out what was requisite to be

done when the circumstances are known, but Captains Ommanney and Osborn lay claim to having urged the exploration of Peel Strait, and all they got was a snubbing for not beating Lieutenant M'Clintock. The climax to the sad chapter of unfortunate accidents by which the relief of Franklin's expedition has been rendered unsuccessful, was attained when Rae, having discovered traces of a party having been dispatched from the frozen-in ships to obtain succor, and their actual arrival at Montreal Island on Great Fish River was subsequently determined by Mr. Anderson, a screw steamer was not sent out to explore the limited area in which the ships must lie imprisoned. As argued by the leading Arctic authorities and the geographers of the day, it is not too late now to unravel the mystery that hangs over the fate, not of the forty men sent to procure help, but of the one hundred that were left behind; and we ought to remember that France was never satisfied till she procured every possible relic of the fate of La Perouse.

To return, however, to the *Investigator*. Captain M'Clure had determined, in the event of his not getting out of the ice next summer, to send away in spring all but thirty of the healthiest men, and with them remaining by the ship and running the risk of a fourth winter. Accordingly, on the 3rd of March, two travelling parties for England, one *via* America, the other *via* Barrow's Strait, were told off: they consisted of thirty of the most weakly hands, divided into two parties of fifteen men each. Providential circumstances, however, came to do away with the necessity of committing these forlorn hopes to the snow and ice deserts of the Polar regions. In all probability not one of either of the parties would have been heard of again. A parent's solicitude for his son saved the crew of the *Investigator*. The Admiralty had decided upon another expedition in search of Franklin, under Sir Edward Belcher. Mr. Cressell suggested that part of that expedition which was destined for Wellington Channel should be directed upon Melville Island, as it was the opinion of General Sabine and Captain Kellett that if Captains Collinson and M'Clure were unable to reach that island with their ships, still they would push in there with their sledges. The Duke of Northumber-

land, who was then the senior Lord of the Admiralty, saw the soundness of Mr. Cressell's views, and the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* were ordered to proceed to Melville Island under Captains Kellett and M'Clintock.

Melville Island was reached on the 1st of September, and the ships took up their winter quarters unfortunately without finding the dispatches left in Winter Harbor by either Captain M'Clure's party or that under Lieutenant Parks, from the *Enterprise*. It was not till some time after that Lieutenant Mechem, visiting Winter Harbor, and happening to inspect more closely than usual the famous mass of sand-stone on which Parry had caused his ship's name to be engraved, could hardly credit his senses when he discovered a document upon its summit, detailing the accomplishment of the north-west passage, and the position of H.M.S. *Investigator* in Mercy Bay!

Great joy was there in Captain Kellett's squadron at having discovered one, at least, of the missing ships, and Lieutenant Pim and Dr. Domville were told off to start with sledges, which they did on the 10th of March, 1853, amidst the prayers and cheers of all. Meantime, April had come in on the *Investigator*, the sledges were ready for the forlorn hope, which was to start the next week, and the first deaths since leaving England had occurred, tending much to increase the despondency too prevalent among all, when one morning (April 6th) Captain M'Clure was walking near the ship, in conversation with the first lieutenant, upon the subject of digging a grave for the man who had died the day before, when they perceived a figure walking rapidly towards them from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay.

"From his pace and gestures (writes Captain M'Clure) we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him doubts arose as to who it could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men; but recollecting that it was possible some one might be trying a new travelling dress, preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us this strange figure threw up his arms, and made gesticulations resembling those used by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice, words which, from the wind and intense excitement

of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us both fairly to a standstill. The stranger came quietly on, and we saw his face was as black as ebony; and really at the moment we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this, or the other world, and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or a cloven hoof, we should assuredly have taken to our legs; as it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out,

"I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald*, and now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellett is in her at Dealy Island!"

"To rush at and seize him by the hand was the first impulse, for the heart was too full for the tongue to speak. The announcement of relief being close at hand, when none was supposed to be even within the Arctic Circle, was too sudden, unexpected, and joyous for our minds to comprehend it at once. The news flew with lightning rapidity; the ship was all in commotion; the sick, forgetful of their maladies, leaped from their hammocks; the artificers dropped their tools, and the lower deck was cleared of men; for they all rushed for the hatchway to be assured that a stranger was actually among them, and that his tale was true. Despondency fled the ship, and Lieutenant Pim received a welcome—pure, hearty, and grateful—that he will assuredly remember and cherish to the end of his days."

It is needless to follow out the details of what occurred after this most providential delivery. Captain McClure proceeded at once to have an interview with Captain Kellett, to discuss what could be best done under existing circumstances. At first it was resolved to remove the sick and leave only the healthy in charge of the *Investigator*; but when a medical survey was effected, it was found that there existed in all the crew, with one or two exceptions, well-marked evidence of scurvy and debility in various stages of development, with great loss of flesh and strength, and that they were utterly unfit to undergo the rigor of another winter in the Arctic regions. Under these circumstances no alternative remained but to make a depôt, and abandon the *Investigator*. So, hoisting the colors to the masthead of their dear gallant bark, the officers and crew turned their backs upon her as sorrowfully as they would have done on an old and well-tried friend in his extremity. Notwithstanding all these sacrifices, made to insure the safety of her

men and crew, they were still destined to pass another winter in these inhospitable climes, and the very ships that had come to their rescue—the *Resolute* and the *Intrepid*—had ultimately, like the *Investigator*, to be abandoned to the tender mercies of the spirits of the icy north. This proceeding took place, we are told, by the order of Sir Edward Belcher, in opposition to the strongly expressed wishes of Captain Kellett, who had plenty of stores to meet another winter, and who asserted that the parties concerned in deserting the ships under such circumstances "would deserve to have their jackets taken off their backs." As if this was not sufficient, and as if the commander had been seized with a panic or fit such as we have seen sometimes attends upon losing one's way and one's presence of mind at the same time in these frightful regions, the *Assistance* and *Pioneer* were next abandoned, and that at a moment when a belt of ice of only some twenty miles in extent remained between the ships and the waters communicating with the Atlantic Ocean, and that belt of ice is recorded as being at the time much cracked, and evidently working with every tide.

Never was there such a disastrous state of things in the Arctic regions: six ships left in the ice! The *Enterprise* at Mercy Bay, the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* at Melville Island, the *Assistance* and *Pioneer* in Wellington Channel, and the American brig the *Advance* in Smith's Sound, to be added to the *Erebus* and *Terror* in the strait of James Ross. The Arctic archipelago was positively studded with abandoned ships! There only remained the *North Star*, the *Phenix*, Captain Inglefield, and the *Talbot* store-ship, to take home the crews of all these deserted ships. Captain Collinson alone had the good fortune to retrace his steps in safety by the way he came, and that not without effecting a great deal towards improving our acquaintance with the southern aspect of Banks Land, Albert Land, Wollaston Land, and Victoria Land. It is only to be regretted that he did not act upon the hint obtained in the piece of iron and fragment of a doorway, or hatch-frame, seen in the possession of the Esquimaux at Cambridge Bay, in Wollaston Land, and push on to King William's Land. But, as before said, it is easy to criticize after the event. It certainly is, however, a most vexatious thing to think



that the sledge explorations down Peel Strait, and Collinson's explorations up to Pelly Point, Victoria Land, have been the only explorations made even in the direction of the limited area around King William's Land, in which it is now almost certain the *Erebus* and *Terror* must lie; by all the numerous expeditions sent out to the succor of our unfortunate countrymen. The spot where they were really starving to death was actually the only one in the known archipelago that was not visited!

To pass from one of the most eventful of all the recorded Arctic expeditions, and from what may justly be designated the most astounding crisis in the whole history of the expeditions of succor, we enter in Dr. Kane's work upon new and interesting regions in the Arctic seas, and we find recorded therein a host of incidents which are among the most stirring and the most fearful that have yet been recorded.

The plan proposed by Dr. Kane, its intelligent and enterprising commander, to be followed in the so-called "Second Grinnell Expedition" (although also much aided by Mr. Peabody of London), was based upon the probable extension of the land-masses of Greenland to the far north—a fact at that time not verified by travel, but sustained by the analogies of physical geography. Greenland, though looked upon as a congeries of islands connected by interior glaciers, was still regarded as a peninsula whose formation recognized the same laws as other peninsulas having a southern trend.

Believing in the extension of this peninsula nearer to the Pole than any other known land, and feeling that the search for Sir John Franklin would be best promoted by a course that might lead most directly to the supposed northerly open sea, Dr. Kane advanced, as inducements in favor of his scheme: *Terra firma* as the basis of his operations, a due northern line which would lead soonest to the open sea! the benefit of northern land to check the southern drift of ice, the presumed existence of animal life, and the co-operation of Esquimaux, whose settlements were supposed to extend far up the coast.

The good ship *Advance* left New York on its praiseworthy undertaking on the 30th of May, 1853, and entered the harbor of Fiskeranes, in Greenland, on the 1st of July, "amid the clamor of its entire population

assembled on the rocks to greet us." The lower and middle coast of Greenland has been visited by so many travellers, and its points of interest have been so often described, that we need not refer to them here. On the 16th of July the *Advance* passed the promontory of Swartehuk, or Blackhead, and on the 27th, Wilcox Point, icebergs showing themselves on all sides, and rendering the navigation of Melville Bay full of danger. On the 2nd of August they were fairly in the ice, and beset by fogs into the bargain. It was only at times that the floes opened sufficiently to allow the ship to make her way through them. At midnight of the 3rd, however, they got clear of the bay and of its difficulties, Dr. Kane taking great credit to himself for having effected this by an outside passage.

The North Water, the highway to Smith's Sound, was now fairly before them. On the 5th they passed Sir John Ross' "Crimson Cliffs," and the patches of red snow could be seen clearly at the distance of ten miles from the coast; and on the 7th they doubled Cape Alexander—the Arctic pillars of Hercules—and passed into Smith's Sound. Arriving at Littleton Island, they deposited there a boat with a supply of stores, not far from the vestiges of an old Esquimaux settlement.

On the 8th they again closed with the ice, and were forced into a land-locked cove. The dogs, of which they had more than fifty on board, began to be very troublesome; they would devour almost every thing that came in their way, from an Esquimaux's cranium to a whole feather bed! They tried to shoot some walruses, but the rifle-balls reverberated from their hides like pebbles, and it was only by accident that they found the carcass of a narwhal with which to appease them for a time.

All attempts to work the vessel to seaward through the floes proving unsuccessful, it was resolved to try for a further northing by following the coast line. But although even warping was had recourse to, this also was followed by but very trifling success. On midnight of the 14th they reached the lee side of a rocky island, and which, from the shelter it afforded, was designated "Godsend Ledge." It was, however, destined to be so but a short time. On the 20th it came on to blow a hurricane; the hawsers parted one

after the other (there are two illustrations of this event—one represents it as occurring in an open sea, the other in a sea completely covered with ice), and the ship was left at the mercy of the winds, waves, and ice combined. It was a most trying time, and they escaped many perils ere they found temporary shelter beyond a lofty cape, and under an iceberg that anchored itself between them and the gale.

The point to which they were thus unceremoniously driven, was ten miles nearer the Pole than Godsend Ledge, and on the 22nd, the storm having abated, the men were harnessed to the tow-lines, and they began to track along the icebelt off the coast, warping also at times, but with so little effect that, on the 29th, Dr. Kane rushed on ahead with a small boating-party for a personal inspection of the coast. After twenty-four hours' toil the boat had to be exchanged for a sledge, with which they also got on but slowly, passing Glacier Bay, Mary Minturn River—the largest known in North Greenland, being about three-fourths of a mile wide at its mouth—Cape Thackeray, and Francis Hawks to Cape George Russell, from whence could be seen the great glacier of Humboldt, Cape Jackson on the one side, and Cape Barrow on the other, and between a solid sea of ice.

The gallant captain returned satisfied, he says, that he had seen no place combining so many of the requisites of a good winter harbor as the bay in which he had left the *Advance*—as if, had he found such a bay, there were any probabilities of his being able to get into it! It was really making a virtue of necessity. So, returning to his ship, he gave the orders to warp in between two islands. They found seven fathom soundings, and a perfect shelter from the outside ice; and thus the little brig was laid up in the harbor which she was never fated to leave with her crew—"a long resting-place to her indeed, for the same ice is around her still."

The monotony of events connected with a winter in the Arctic regions is a good deal relieved in Dr. Kane's work by the little vignettes that illustrate such simple topics as storing provisions, training the dogs, and drawing sledges. An excursion was made ninety miles into the interior, when its further progress was arrested by a glacier

400 feet high, and extending north and west as far as the eye could reach. As to the sledging outfit, they kept on reducing it until at last they came to the Esquimaux ultimatum of simplicity—raw meat and a fur bag. For the time being a man thus becomes a mere animal, only with another animal's skin for a cover.

One of the first incidents that occurred was setting the ship on fire, in an attempt to exterminate the rats with carbonic acid gas, besides nearly asphyxiating the commander and two or three others; the next was one of the dogs going rabid—a phenomenon usually supposed to be associated with the heats of summer. Great inconvenience was experienced in the sledge-excursions, and making "caches" of provisions in this region, from the frequent ice-cracks, or *crevas-ses*, as the Swiss would call them, and into which dogs, sledges, and travellers were sometimes tumbled, at the imminent risk of being carried below the ice by the current—not to mention the danger to health of an immersion with the thermometer many degrees below zero.

The point at which the Americans were wintering, it is to be observed, was in a higher latitude than the wintering-stations in the Arctic archipelago, and, except on Spitzbergen, no Christians are known to have passed a winter so near to the Pole. The darkness was so intense that it necessarily entailed inaction, and it was in vain that they sought to create topics of thought, and, by a forced excitement, to ward off the encroachments of disease. The thermometer fell to 99 degrees below freezing point. Human beings could only breathe in such a temperature guardedly and with compressed lips. The influence of such severe cold and long intense darkness was most depressing. Most of the dogs died of affections of the brain, which began, as we observed in the instance of some of the men of the *Investigator*, with fits, followed by lunacy, and sometimes by lock-jaw. Their disease, Dr. Kane remarks, was as clearly mental as in the case of any human being.

The month of March brought back perpetual day. The sunshine had reached the ship on the last day of February: they needed it to cheer them. The scurvy-spots that mottled the faces of almost all, gave sore proof of the trials they had undergone.

The crew were almost unfitted by debility for arduous work, and only six dogs remained of nine splendid Newfoundlanders, and thirty-five Esquimaux. "An Arctic night and an Arctic day," Dr. Kane emphatically remarks, "age a man more rapidly and harshly than a year anywhere else in all this weary world."

On the 19th of March, a party was dispatched in advance of the grand sledge expedition, proposed to be carried out to the northwards; but by the 31st three of its members returned, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. They had left four of their number in a tent on the ice, frozen and disabled. Dr. Kane started to the rescue with nine men. They were out eighteen hours, and had become faint and disheartened, when they discovered tracks which led them to the tent of their disabled comrades. The sick were placed on the sledge, wrapped in buffalo robes and reindeer skins, and they set out on their retreat. Progress was at first cheering, till, almost without premonition, they all became aware of an alarming failure of their energies. Two of the stoutest men begged permission to sleep, "they were not cold: the wind did not enter them now: a little sleep was all they wanted." Another was picked up nearly stiff under a drift; and a fourth had his eyes closed, bolt upright, and could hardly articulate; while a fifth threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise.

It was absolutely necessary to halt. Their hands were too powerless to light a fire, and they were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits had frozen under all the coverings at the men's feet. Dr. Kane pushed on with one companion to thaw some ice and pemmican at the half-way tent. He could not tell, he relates, how long it took them to make the intervening nine miles, for they were in a strange sort of stupor. They kept themselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must needs have been incoherent enough. "I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through: we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us, and tore, as he went, a jumper that Mr. M'Gary

had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds, and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress."

Their advent saved the contents of the tent, which had been overturned by the bear, and the buffalo robes and pemmican tossed into the snow. They crawled into their reindeer bags, however, without speaking, and slept three hours in a dreamy but intense slumber. When Dr. Kane awoke, his long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo skin: Godfrey, his companion, had to cut him out with his jack-knife. Four days afterwards he found his woollen comforter with a goodly share of his beard still adhering to it.

The rest of the party having arrived and been refreshed, they sped briskly towards the hummock ridges that still lay between them and the brig. Desperate efforts had to be made to get over these; the strength of the men failed them, and all lost self-control. They could no longer abstain from eating snow, which burnt their mouths and made them speechless. Some fell, half sleeping, on the hummocks. At length they reached the brig, but quite delirious; they moved latterly like men in a dream, and all alike had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about them. It must, Dr. Kane says, have been by a kind of instinct that they reached the brig at all—the instinct of locality, in fact, awake, while the other mental powers were exhausted. All were laid up for many days by their sufferings; two had to undergo amputation of parts of the foot, and two died a lingering death.

Luckily, amidst all these troubles, they were favored with a visit from the Esquimaux, who, although a theivish set like their countrymen on the north coast of America, willingly parted with dogs, sledges, and walrus meat. They were a fine, manly, and fearless set, tall and strong, several among them being singly a match for the white bear and the walrus; and although Dr. Kane, in a subsequent part of his journal, vindicates the superior endurance of the white race, we altogether doubt it. The crew of the *Advance* were, with superior shelter and better resources than the Esquimaux, perishing away, where the Esquimaux were thriving.

The month of April was about to close, and the short season available for Arctic search was already advanced, when Dr. Kane started on his grand sledge expedition to the north. "It was," says the enterprising commander, "to be the crowning expedition of the campaign to attain the *ultima thule* of the Greenland shore, measure the waste that lay between it and the unknown West, and seek round the farthest circle of the ice for an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond." The rigor of the climate, the difficulties of the country, the failure of the caches which had been broken into by the bears, the enfeebled state of the party, and the inadequacy of means and equipments, all however combined to cause failure. By the 5th of May, Dr. Kane had become delirious, and fainted every time that he was taken from the tent to the sledge, so all idea of further progress had to be given up. He was taken into the brig on the 14th, and lay fluctuating between life and death till the 20th.

Some interesting discoveries were, however, made on this unfortunate trip, more especially of two remarkable freaks of nature, one of which was called the "Three Brother Turrets," the other, "Tennyson's Monument." The latter was a solitary column, or "minaret tower" of rock, the length of whose shaft was 480 feet, and it rose on a plinth, or pedestal, itself 280 feet high, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. But by far the most remarkable feature in the inland Greenland sea is the so-called "Great Glacier of Humboldt."

"I will not attempt (writes Dr. Kane, speaking of the impossibility of giving an idea of this great glacier by sketches) to do better by florid description. Men only rhapsodize about Niagara and the ocean. My notes speak simply of the 'long, ever-shining line of cliff diminished to a well-pointed wedge in the perspective;' and again, of 'the face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long curve from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun.' But this line of cliff rose in solid glassy wall three hundred feet above the water level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length, from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanished into unknown space at not more than a single day's railroad-travel from the Pole. The interior with which it com-

municated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace*, an ice-ocean, to the eye, of boundless dimensions.

"It was in full sight—the mighty crystal bridge which connects the two continents of America and Greenland.\* I say continents, for Greenland, however insulated it may ultimately prove to be, is in mass strictly continental. Its least possible axis, measured from Cape Farewell to the line of this glacier, in the neighborhood of the 80th parallel, gives a length of more than twelve hundred miles, not materially less than that of Australia from its northern to its southern cape.

"Imagine now in the centre of such a continent, occupied through nearly its whole extent by a deep unbroken sea of ice, that gathers perennial increase from the watershed of vast snow-covered mountains and all the precipitations of the atmosphere upon its own surface. Imagine this moving onward like a great glacial river, seeking outlets at every fiord and valley, rolling icy cataraacts into the Atlantic and Greenland Seas; and having at last reached the northern limit of the land that has borne it up, pouring out a mighty frozen torrent into unknown Arctic space.

"It is thus, and only thus, that we must form a just conception of a phenomenon like this Great Glacier. I had looked in my own mind for such an appearance, should I ever be fortunate enough to reach the northern coast of Greenland. But, now that it was before me, I could hardly realize it. I had recognized, in my quiet library at home, the beautiful analogies which Forbes and Studer have developed between the glacier and the river. But I could not comprehend at first this complete substitution of ice for water.

"It was slowly that the conviction dawned on me that I was looking upon the counterpart of the great river system of Arctic Asia and America. Yet here were no water-feeders from the south. Every particle of moisture had its origin within the Polar Circle, and had been converted into ice. There were no vast alluvions, no forest or animal traces borne down by liquid torrents. Here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and ploughing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea."

"Humboldt Glacier" and "Tennyson's Monument" will deservedly occupy a place in all future editions of those interesting little books called "Wonders of the World."

As soon as Dr. Kane had recovered enough

\* This is not borne out by the map.



to become aware of his failure, he began to devise means for remedying it. There only remained the doctor of the ship qualified to conduct a survey who was on his feet. He accordingly started, in company with Godfrey, across Smith's Straits, on the 20th of May, and succeeded in reaching 79 deg. 45 min. north latitude, in longitude 69 deg. 12 min. The coast was sighted for thirty miles to the northward and eastward, and two large headlands, called Capes Joseph Leidy and John Frazer, were named upon it. The doctor returned to the brig, after a very arduous and fatiguing journey, on the 1st of June, worn out and snow-blind.

Notwithstanding the perils, privations, and sufferings that had attended upon all the sledge parties, Dr. Kane determined to organize another before the brief season for such had gone by. This last, under Messrs. M'Gary and Bousall, left the brig on the 3rd of June, and reached Humboldt Glacier on the 15th. They were provided with apparatus for climbing ice, but failed in all their efforts to scale this stupendous glacial mass. The bears were so bold as actually to poke their heads in at the tent door, to the great inconvenience of the sleepers within. Four of the party returned to the brig on the 27th, one of them entirely blind. Hans, a native of Greenland, and Morton, remained out pushing northwards, and keeping parallel to the glacier at a distance of from five to seven miles. They saw rectangular pieces of ice, apparently detached from the glacier, more than a mile long! On the 21st of June they sighted open water. This was afterwards called Kennedy Channel. After turning Cape Andrew Jackson they made better way along the ice-foot, and they pursued their course as far as Cape Constitution, on "Washington Land," in 82 deg. 27 min. The highest point on the opposite coast of "Grinnell Land" was called Mount Edward Parry, and is marked on the maps as having a still more northerly parallel—possibly more so than it really has. This open channel was found to abound in seals; bears were numerous, one with its cub they succeeded in killing; and birds, among which were brent geese, eider ducks, king ducks, dovebies, gulls, sea-swallows, and Arctic petrels, were in exceeding plenty. This was the crowning excursion of the expedition, and the results present rich matter

for speculation to those who believe in an open Polar sea beyond the region of embayed and strangled ice floes.

Summer was now wearing on, and yet no prospects presented themselves of the ice breaking up, so as to liberate the brig. Under these circumstances, Dr. Kane determined upon making an attempt to communicate with Sir Edward Belcher's squadron at Beechey Island. For this purpose a boat was fitted out called the *Forlorn Hope*, and was carried across the heavy ice floe to be launched in open water. On their way to the southward they fell in with an island, upon which they killed a number of eider ducks, and procured a large supply of eggs. On the 19th they made Cape Alexander, and were enabled to determine that the narrowest part of Smith's Straits is not, as has been considered, between Cape Isabella and Cape Alexander, but upon the parallel of 78 deg. 24 min., where Cape Isabella bears due west of Littleton Island, and the diameter of the channel is reduced to thirty-seven miles. Hence they passed from the straits into the open seaway. At this time a gale broke upon them from the north, and they were exposed to all its fury in the open whale-boat. They were glad to drive before the wind into the in-shore floes. The pack, so much feared before, was now looked to as a refuge. Working their way through the broken pack, they reached Hakluyt Island on the 23rd of July, where they rested a while and dried their buffalo robes. The next morning they renewed their labors, but were arrested by the pack off Northumberland Island. For four days they made strenuous efforts to work through the half-open leads, but in vain; they had reached the dividing pack of the two great open waters of Baffin's Bay, and which Dr. Kane considered to be made up of the ices which Jones' Sound on the west, and Murchison's on the east, had discharged and driven together. Under these circumstances they were obliged to return to Northumberland Island, which they found to be one enormous homestead of auks, dovebies, and gulls, and where they procured sorrel and cochlearia. Foxes were also very numerous. By the time they got back to the brig, the commander says he and his little party had got quite fat and strong upon the auks, eiders, and scurvy-grass.

On board of the *Advance*, however, which

had now been imprisoned by closely cementing ice for eleven months, as the season travelled on and the young ice grew thicker, faces began, also, to grow longer every day. It was the only face with which they could look upon another winter. "It is horrible," writes Dr. Kane—"yes, that is the word—to look forward to another year of disease and darkness, to be met without fresh food and without fuel."

Under these circumstances, Dr. Kane called the officers and crew together, and left to every man his own choice to remain by the ship or to attempt an escape to the Danish settlements to the southward. Eight out of the seventeen survivors resolved to stand by the brig and their commander. The remainder started off on the 28th "with the elastic step of men confident in their purpose," but one returned a few days afterwards, and all ultimately either found their way back, or were brought back by the humane Esquimaux, after hard trials and almost unparalleled sufferings.

Those that remained with the ship set to work at once gathering moss for eking out the winter fuel, and willow-stems and sorrel as anti-scorbutics. The "mossing," although it had a pleasant sound, was in reality a frightfully wintry operation. The mixed turf of willows, heaths, grasses, and moss was frozen solid. It had to be quarried with crowbars and carried to the ship like so much stone. With this they banked up the ship's sides, and below they inclosed a space some eighteen feet square, and packed it with the same material from floor to ceiling. The entrance was also by a low, moss-lined tunnel, and in this apartment the men stowed away for the winter. The closer they laid, the warmer. Dr. Kane was once more nearly lost, however, before darkness came on. In an attempt to kill a seal he got upon thin ice, and was, with dogs and sledge, thrown into open water. He owed his extrication, when nearly gone, to a newly-broken team-dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and drew it and the doctor up on to the floe.

An occasional intercourse had always been kept up with the Esquimaux. They came to pilfer, and Dr. Kane retorted by making some of them prisoners. A treaty of friendship was then made and never broken by the natives. Their supplies, also, met with

occasional replenishing by a walrus, an Arctic hare, or a seal. They also killed a bear that had come with its cub, pressed by extreme hunger, close to the ship. As on the former occasion of killing a bear and its cub, it is painful to read the details of the struggle, from the wonderful attachment shown by the mother to its cub, and by the latter to its parent, to whom it always clung, even in death. But the men's lives were far more valuable, and how excusable to kill two bears when the glaucous gulls were seen gobbling up young eider ducks in the face of their distracted mothers by mouthfuls. Dr. Kane was the only person who would eat rats. He attributes his comparative immunity from scurvy to "rat soup."

Having no fuel, they were now reduced to the Esquimaux system of relying on lamps for heat; beds and bedding hence became black with soot, and their faces were begrimed with fatty carbon. The journal is now little more than a chronicle of privations and sufferings, interspersed with extraordinary efforts to keep up communications with the Esquimaux. It is without comparison the most painfully interesting record of experience in wintering in the Far North that has ever yet been published. In the midst of their troubles two of the men tried to desert, but only one—Godfrey—succeeded. He returned, strange to say, on the 2nd of April, with food in a sledge, but would not himself quit the Esquimaux. Under a misapprehension that he had robbed Hans, one of the hunters, of his sledge and dogs, his life was nearly being sacrificed by the commander from whom he had deserted.

Before spring could be welcomed, preparations had been going on for some time for a sledge and boat escape from their long imprisonment. The employment thus given to the men exerted a wholesome influence on their moral tone, and assisted their convalescence. They had three boats, and they all required to be strengthened. There was clothing, bedding, and provision-bags to make. The sledges had to be prepared. The 17th of May was appointed for the start. The farewell to the ship was most impressive. Prayers were read, and then a chapter of the Bible. The flags were then hoisted and hauled down again, and she was left alone in the ice. Godfrey had, by this time, it is to be observed, rejoined the ship, so the

party consisted altogether of seventeen, of whom four were unable to move. Up to the 23rd the progress was little more than a mile a day. The housed boats luckily afforded tolerably good sleeping-berths at night. On the 5th of June, Ohlsen injured himself so in an attempt to rescue a sledge from falling into a tide hole, that he died three days afterwards.

"Still passing slowly on, day after day—I am reluctant," writes Dr. Kane, "to borrow from my journal the details of anxiety and embarrassment with which it abounds throughout this period—we came at last to the unmistakable neighborhood of open water." This was off Pekintlek, the largest of the Littleton Island group.

On Tuesday, the 19th of June, after a long farewell given to their long-tried friends the Esquimaux, they put to sea, and the very first day's navigation one of the boats swamped. They spent the first night in an inlet in the ice, and on the 22nd reached Northumberland Island, in a snow-storm. Here they got fresh provisions. They crossed Murchison Channel on the 23rd, and encamped for the night on the land floe at the base of Cape Parry—a hard day's travel, partly by tracking over ice, partly through tortuous and zig-zag leads. So it was for many successive days. One day favorable, with open leads of water, another slow and wearisome, through alternate ice and water. Then the floe would break up and carry them resistless against the rocks. Three long days they passed in a cavern of rock and ice, in which, however, they found plenty of birds' eggs.

On the 11th, they had doubled Cape Dudley Digges, and plants and birds and birds' eggs became more common. They spent a week to regain strength at so productive a spot, which they designated as "Providence Halt." At the Crimson Cliffs they again got a plentiful supply of birds. On the 21st, they reached Cape York. Once more they were nearly starving, when a great seal came providentially to their succor. Their feet were so swollen that they were obliged to cut open their canvas boots. The most

unpleasant symptom was that they could not sleep. On the 1st of August they sighted the Devil's Thumb. Hence they fetched the Duck Islands, and, passing to the south of Cape Shackleton, landed on *terra firma*. Two or three days more, and they were under the shadow of Karkamoot.

"Just then a familiar sound came to us over the water. We had often listened to the screeching of the gulls or the bark of the fox, and mistaken it for the 'Huk' of the Esquimaux; but this had about it an inflection not to be mistaken, for it died away in the familiar cadence of a 'halloo.'

"Listen, Petersen! Oars, men? What is it?" and he listened quietly at first, and then, trembling, said, in a half-whisper, 'Dannemarkers!'

It was the Upernavik oil-boat, and the next day they were at Upernavik itself, after being eighty-four days in the open air. They could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation.

There is much in this wonderful narrative to remind the reader of the story of old William Barentz, who, two hundred and fifty-nine years ago, wintered on the coast of Nova Zembla. His men, seventeen in number, broke down during the trials of winter, and three died, just as of the eighteen under Dr. Kane three had gone. Barentz abandoned his vessel as the Americans abandoned theirs, took to his boats, and escaped along the Lapland coast to lands of Norwegian civilization. The Americans embarked with sledges and boats to attempt the same thing. They had the longer journey and the more difficult one before them. Barentz lost, as they did, a cherished comrade by the wayside; but one resemblance luckily does not exist—Barentz himself perished, Dr. Kane has lived to write an account of all that he suffered in a noble cause, and he has come among the countrymen of the one for whom he and his companions toiled and suffered so much. May he feel that his exertions were not in vain, and that he has merited and won the gratitude of the English people!

From The National Era.

## THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

## I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands  
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,  
I see, beyond the valley lands,  
The sea's long level dim with rain.  
Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
Seem praying for the snows to come,  
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,  
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morns  
atone.

## II.

Along the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters nod;  
And trembles on its arid stalk,  
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.  
And in the wind, that fails to stir  
The azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet  
wild rose!

## III.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,  
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,  
Like a great arrow through the sky,  
Two dusky lines converged in one,  
Chasing the southward-flying sun;  
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay  
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them  
stay.

## IV.

I passed this way a year ago:  
The wind blew south; the noon of day  
Was warm as June's; and save that snow  
Flecked the wild mountains far away,  
And that the vernal-seeming breeze  
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,  
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,  
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at  
play.

## V.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled  
The white pagodas of the snow  
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,  
Yon river, in its overflow  
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,  
Crashed with its ices to the sea;  
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,  
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's  
organ rolled.

## VI.

Rich gift of God! A year of time  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our Northern clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,  
What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweet-brier smells,  
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits  
and flowers,  
Green woods and moon-lit snows, have in its  
round been ours!

## VII.

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go;  
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine snow!  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise wait  
On Venice at her watery gates;  
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's  
tale.

## VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts  
Is one with him who rows or sails;  
And he who wanders widest, lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees,  
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,  
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call  
to prayer!

## IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks  
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;  
But he who sees his native brooks  
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.  
The marble palaces of Ind  
Rise round him in the snow and wind;  
From his lone sweet-brier Persian Hafiz smiles,  
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland  
aisles.

## X.

And thus it is my fancy blends  
The near at hand and far and rare;  
And while the same horizon bends  
Above the silver-sprinkled hair,  
Which flashed the light of morning skies  
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,  
Within its round of sea and sky and field,  
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos  
stands revealed.

## XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,  
The toiler to his task-work bound,  
Behold their prison-walls outspread,  
Their clipped horizon widen round!  
While freedom-giving fancy waits,  
Like Peter's angel at the gates,  
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,  
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs  
again!

## XII.

What lack of goodly company,  
When masters of the ancient lyre  
Obey my call, and trace for me  
Their words of mingled tears and fire!  
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,  
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;  
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,  
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of  
Thought, draw near.



## XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,  
 "In vain the human heart we mock;  
 Bring living guests who love the day,  
 'Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!  
 The herbs we share with flesh and blood,  
 Are better than ambrosial food,  
 With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing  
 loth,  
 But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

## XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,  
 Have I not seen before me sit,  
 And watched his puritanic face,  
 With more than Eastern wisdom lit?  
 Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back  
 Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,  
 Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,  
 Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of  
 steam!

## XV.

Here too, of answering love secure,  
 Have I not welcomed to my hearth  
 The gentle pilgrim troubadour,  
 Whose songs have girdled half the earth;  
 Whose pages, like the magic mat  
 Whereon the Eastern lover sat,  
 Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,  
 And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's moun-  
 tain pines!

## XVI.

And he, who to the lettered wealth  
 Of ages, adds the lore unpriced,  
 The wisdom and the moral health,  
 The ethics of the school of Christ:  
 The statesman to his holy trust  
 As the Athenian archer just,  
 Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,  
 Has he not graced my home with beauty all his  
 own?

## XVII.

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,  
 What loved ones enter and depart!  
 The good, the beautiful, the brave,  
 The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!  
 How conscious seems the frozen sod  
 And beechen slope whereon they trod!  
 The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends  
 Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent  
 friends.

## XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills  
 I cling, as clings the tufted moss,  
 To bear the winter's lingering chills,  
 The mocking spring's perpetual loss.  
 I dream of lands where summer smiles,  
 And soft winds blow from spicy isles,  
 But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be  
 sweet,  
 Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my  
 feet!

## XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,  
 And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
 But homesick tears would fill the eyes  
 That saw the Cross without the Bear.

DCLXIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 22

The pine must whisper to the palm,  
 The north wind break the tropic calm;  
 And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
 The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to  
 beauty join.

## XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand  
 The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
 Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
 Of God's occasions drifting by!  
 Better with naked nerve to bear  
 The needles of this goading air,  
 Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
 The Godlike power to do, the Godlike aim to  
 know.

## XXI.

Home of my heart! to me more fair  
 Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,  
 The painted, shingly town-house where  
 The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!  
 The simple roof where prayer is made,  
 Than Gothic groin and colonnade;  
 The living temple of the heart of man,  
 Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-  
 spired Milan!

## XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,  
 Where rich and poor the Bible read,  
 Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,  
 And Learning wears the chains of Creed;  
 Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in  
 The scattered sheaves of home and kin,  
 Than the mad license following Lenten pains,  
 Or holydays of slaves who laugh and dance in  
 chains.

## XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
 And perch along these wooded swells;  
 And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
 They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!  
 Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
 Nor woman winged before her time,  
 But, with the faults and follies of the race,  
 Old home-bred virtues held their not unhonored  
 place.

## XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake  
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,  
 The graces and the loves which make  
 The music of the march of life;  
 And woman, in her daily round  
 Of duty, walks on holy ground.  
 No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here  
 Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to  
 sneer.

## XXV.

Then let the icy North wind blow  
 The trumpets of the coming storm,  
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow  
 Yon slanting lines of rain transform.  
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,  
 As gaily as I did of old;  
 And I, who watch them through the frosty  
 pane,  
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

## XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds  
The life that hides in marsh and wold,  
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
And stains these mosses green and gold,  
Will still, as He hath done, incline  
His gracious care to me and mine;  
Grant what we ask aright; from wrong debar,  
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter  
every star!

## XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,  
My hopes for man take form in fact,  
But God will give the victory  
In due time; in that faith I act.  
And he who sees the future sure,  
The baffling present may endure,  
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that  
leads  
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of  
deeds.

## XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,  
Where harsher songs of mine have flown;  
Go, find a place at home and hearth  
Wherein thy singer's name is known;  
Revive for him the kindly thought  
Of friends; and they who love him not,  
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may  
take  
The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy  
sake. J. G. W.

## MARY.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

WHAT though the name is old and oft repeated,  
What though a thousand beings bear it now;  
And true hearts oft the gentle word have  
greeted,—

What though 'tis hallowed by a poet's vow?  
We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming  
Is a familiar rapture to the eye,  
And yon bright star we hail, although its loom-  
ing

Age after age has lit the northern sky.  
As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,  
As garden odors to the desert blown,  
In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,  
Like patriot music or affection's tone—  
Thus, thus for aye, the name of Mary spoken  
By lips or text, with magic-like control,  
The course of present thought has quickly  
broken,

And stirred the fountains of my inmost soul.  
The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,  
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,  
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow  
Celestial halos from thy gentle name:  
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,  
And in perfect whole the parts combined,  
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces  
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal,  
We inly paint as we would have things be,  
The fanciful springs ever from the real,  
As Aphrodite rose from out the sea;  
Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,  
In a far land where I was sad and lone?  
Whose presence now is my delight always?  
Both angels must the same blessed title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,  
What fortunes on my future life await,  
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sigh-  
ing,  
Are all unknown,—in trust I bide my fate.  
But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,  
'Twould be that Mary should my being cheer,  
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,  
Be my dear household word, and my last ac-  
cent here.

## BETHLEHEM.

"And there were in the same country shepherds  
abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock  
by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came  
upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round  
about them," etc.—LUKE II. 8, 9.

WHAT are these ethereal strains  
Floating o'er Judea's plains?  
Burning spirits throng the sky,  
With their lofty minstrelsy!  
Hark! they break the midnight trance  
With the joyous utterance,—  
"Glory to God, and peace to men,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Quench, ye types, your feeble ray,  
Shadows, ye may melt away!  
Prophecy, your work is done;  
Gospel ages have begun!  
Temple! quench your altar fires,  
For these radiant angel-choirs  
To a ruined world proclaim—  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Pillow'd is His infant head  
On a borrow'd manger-bed!  
He, around whose throne above  
Angels hymn'd their songs of love,  
Now is wrapt by virgin hands  
In earth's meanest swaddling bands;  
Once adored by seraphim!  
Now a Babe in Bethlehem!

Eastern sages from afar,  
Guided by a mystic star,  
Follow'd, till its lustre mild  
Brought them to the heav'nly Child.  
May each providence to me  
Like a guiding meteor be,  
Bringing nearer unto Him,  
Once the Babe of Bethlehem!

—Altar Stones

From The Athenæum.

*Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa from 1792 to 1832—[Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, &c.]*. Printed from the Original Manuscript. Vol. I. Paris, Perrotin.

THE Duke of Ragusa began the composition of these Memoirs in 1828, and wrote a continuous narrative which, with the correspondence interspersed, will occupy eight octavo volumes. It was obviously his intention to place on record a series of deliberate views, in connection with the history of France under the Empire and the Restoration, and especially in connection with the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. The "devoted hands" to which, before his death, he consigned the manuscript, were charged "to publish it without making the slightest alteration, even under pretence of improving the style, and without suffering any additions, abridgments, or suppressions of the text." These instructions, the anonymous editor assures us, have been fulfilled with literal precision. The Memoirs are published exactly as they were dictated. We are, therefore, in possession of the Marshal's sentiments, expressed in the form elected by himself. Whatever reserve may be remarked in the Memoirs is his own; whatever is freely stated was written for publicity. In fact, the editor's responsibility is limited by the sense of the note dated from Venice, in November, 1851, which enjoined him to assume to himself no discretion whatever in the publication of the manuscript. "I intend," said the Duke, "to write of that which I have done, of that which I have seen, and of that I have been in a position to understand better than others; and I shall not trespass beyond the limits indicated by my reason and my feelings."

The first volume contains three "books," relating to the writer's lineage and early life, the youthful career of Bonaparte, the siege of Toulon, the Reign of Terror, the Italian campaign, resulting in the peace of Campo-Formio; Napoleon's initiatory political movements in France, and the Egyptian expedition—military subjects, of course, predominating. It is important to study the opinions of Napoleon's comrade, counsellor, and friend, the Marshal, who understood his character, and who foresaw, or affects to have foreseen, that, after Lodi and Arcola,

the young general would not long be content to act as a subordinate of the Directory.

The Duke of Ragusa, whose more familiar and more illustrious appellation, Marshal Marmont, will always be revived in the story of the Napoleonic Campaigns, is careful to begin, after a lofty protestation of his patriotism and integrity, with a recapitulation of the family annals. "My name," he says, "is Viesse. My family is ancient and honorable." It was Low Country by origin, but became Burgundian by three centuries of settlement. From immemorial time it had been devoted to the military profession. There were Viessees in the armies of Louis the Twelfth, and of the Great Condé; a Viesse was among the heroes of Fribourg. The father of the Marshal won and wore, at eighteen years of age, the chivalrous Cross of St. Louis. This glorious genealogy, of course, inspired with military predilections the youth who was born at Chatillon-sur-Seine in July, 1774. The elder Viesse, in the laurel shade of a cynical retirement, undertook the intellectual culture of his son. "From the day of my birth to my fifteenth year, my father did not lose sight of me for a single day." The course of education adopted at Chatillon had two objects—to give the boy a good constitution, and to render him ambitious. The plan succeeded, and the vigorous son of soldiers was tempted towards a military life—a temptation which his father at first resisted. In his fifteenth year, however, he wore epaulettes and a sword, and, while at the Abbé Rousselot's school at Dijon, first saw the young artillery officer, Bonaparte. It became at once his desire to enter the same regiment; but an examination was necessary, and the ordeal took place at Orléans.

"The celebrated Laplace, then examiner in the Artillery School, was a man of the most serious appearance; his sad and severe face, his black dress, his fringed ruffles, the shade over his eyes—rendered necessary by the state of his sight—gave him a very imposing air. If we add the importance and solemnity of the occasion to the reflections natural to the candidate as to the consequences of success or failure, it may be imagined with what anxiety, disquietude, and sinking of the heart we approached the Examiner's table. I experienced those sensations to a degree quite extraordinary, even so much so as to suspend the activity of my mind; it was the first time in my life that I

had been agitated by the consciousness of an all-important interest at stake. In the course of my career I have undergone many trials, but my faculties have never deserted me; on the contrary, they have generally been quickened in proportion to the danger or the importance of the occasion; but in this instance it was otherwise: my brain wandered, and I could not tell M. Laplace what my name was when he asked me!"

However, Laplace soothed down this emotion, and the candidate, in his eighteenth year, became a sub-lieutenant of artillery. His first victory, as here recorded, seems to have been over the wife of an absent artillery captain. His first defeat was at the gambling tables of Montmedy, where he lost all he possessed, and more, at play. While in garrison there he heard of "the murder of the king," and next year, 1793, before Toulon, saw Bonaparte for the second time. After the capture of the place, and during the massacres that ensued—

"Bonaparte, already powerful, exerted his influence successfully on several occasions to obtain the pardon of the unhappy creatures who came with their petitions to me."

Here is a curious anecdote of the confusion that follows a victory:

"On the day after our entry, the servant of an officer of engineers attached to the besieging army had foolishly followed a party of unfortunates, marching to execution, with the intention of witnessing the horrible spectacle. Suddenly one of the soldiers of the escort saw him, and fancying he was one of the prisoners endeavoring to escape, seized and compelled him, in spite of his shrieks and protestations, to join the group of the condemned. A few minutes later and he would have perished, had not one of his master's friends, attracted by a similar curiosity, recognized and reclaimed him."

Bonaparte was now general of a brigade, and second in command of the Italian artillery. Then came the fall of Robespierre, the accusation and arrest of the young Corsican commander, "eight or ten days of anguish," an acquittal, and the utterance by Bonaparte to Marmont of his opinion concerning the astonishing intelligence from Paris.—

"He considered the fall of Robespierre at that moment a public misfortune, not because he was a partisan of his system, but

because he thought the time inopportune for change."

He said to Marmont:

"If Robespierre had remained in power, he would have modified his policy, re-established order, and governed by law; we should have attained that result without convulsion, because it would have been brought about by power; they think they will bring it about by revolution, and that revolution will only lead to others."

Without attempting to trace the course of these remarkable Memoirs through the series of consecutive events that preceded the Egyptian Expedition,—though in all parts they bring a vivid light to the aid of the historical inquirer,—we will note some of the more conspicuous of the Marshal's observations. He professes an unmitigated contempt for the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. They are always convinced of their own heroism, he says, when there is nothing to fear—an expression introductory to his account of Bonaparte's appointment as Commander-in-chief, in the interior, and of his own appointment as Bonaparte's aide-de-camp. Hastening from the Rhine to Paris he found him exhibiting "extraordinary *à plomb*, an air of grandeur altogether new to me, and a perpetually increasing consciousness of his own importance."

They both frequented the *soirées* of Barras and Madame Tallien, the queen of the Directors' little Court.—

"All that the imagination can conceive, scarcely approach the reality of her loveliness; young, beautiful as the antique ideal, dressed with admirable taste, her demeanor was marked at once by grace and dignity."

Bonaparte, enamored of Madame Beauharnais—a passion to which Marmont alludes with some contempt—lost no opportunity of making himself agreeable to the general body of the Directory, and to Barras in particular. But the great Italian campaign was in preparation, and he and his aide-de-camp were parted from this fascinating society. "There was in the 21st regiment of Chasseurs," says Marmont in his familiar way, "an officer whom we rather liked—Junot and I—his name was Murat." He accompanied the expedition. So closes the first book of the Memoirs.

The second brings Massena, Augereau,



Serrurier, Laharpe, Steigel, into view, and tells the story of Montenotte, of Lodi, of Arcola, of Saint George's, of Ancona, of Junot's mission, of the French entry into Venice, and the creation of the Transpadane Republic. The conflict of Lodi is described in an animated picturesque style; but the Marshal is somewhat diffuse, and adds little to the known history of that splendid day. The whole of the military criticisms, however, are replete with interest, and deserve to be read with close attention.

Commissioned by Bonaparte to deliver his congratulations to the Pope, Marmont arrived in that capital at the beginning of 1798, and was immeasurably gratified by his reception. "Rome," he says, "is the city of historic memories, the European city, the city of toleration and liberty, the city of arts and pleasures." The Pope impressed him strongly; the general state of society was delightful, and Marmont—as profound an egotist in his way as Napoleon himself—was "very well treated by *la belle société*." In return for which he scandalizes the Roman ladies without compunction.

After his glorious Italian campaign, Bonaparte, recalled by the Directory to Paris, went thither, and took up his lodgings in the little house, situated in the Rue Chantereine, which had been inhabited by his wife before her marriage. Receiving a national ovation, he nevertheless, says the Memoirs, "affected the utmost simplicity, and avoided the applause of the populace; and this feigned modesty—for modesty formed no part of his high character—was well planned, for it added immensely to his popularity. Two circumstances, apparently of slight importance, delighted him. By a civic decree the Rue Chantereine, in which he lived, was ordered to be called the Rue de la Victoire; this he learned one evening as he was returning home, and saw the workmen employed in altering the name. He was also nominated to the first class of the Institute in the mathematical section. This title he accepted eagerly, and, placed at the head of his betters, it was a means of influencing public opinion." The war then raging with Great Britain attracted all eyes to the white coasts of that detested kingdom. The word Invasion had been uttered. Bonaparte was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of England; and, desiring

to measure our resources of defence, he proposed that Marmont should play the noble part of spy. M. Gallois, a gentleman much esteemed in France, was about to proceed to London to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, and Marmont was present at the conclusion of a conference of four persons on the subject.—

" 'Marmont,' said Napoleon, 'M. Gallois is going to England to negotiate an exchange of prisoners; you will accompany him; you will leave your uniform behind; you will pass as his secretary; and you will procure such and such information, make such and such remarks.' And he gave me my instructions in detail. I listened without interrupting him, but when he had finished, I replied 'I declare, General, I cannot go!' —'How! you cannot go?' said he.—'No, my General,' I continued, 'you offer me the employment of a spy, which it is neither my duty nor my disposition to accept. \* \* My life, as a soldier, belongs to you, but it is only as a soldier that I will lose it. Send me with five hundred hussars to attack a fortress, certain of defeat, and I will go without murmuring, because it is partly my profession, but that is not the case now.' He was cast down by my reply, and dismissed me, saying, 'I will find other officers more zealous and more docile.' But this collision with a man so powerful, this firm reply in opposition to his wishes, made a great impression on M. de Talleyrand, who did not know me then; but who has since spoken to me frequently on the subject. When MM. de Talleyrand and Gallois had taken leave, the General recalled me, and said, 'Had you reflected when you answered me in that manner?'—'My General,' I replied, 'I know how my observations affected you, I understand how inconvenient they must have been; but permit me to say, you yourself had rendered them unavoidable; you had not hesitated to make to me, before them, an offensive proposition, and I could not meet the proposal otherwise than by rejecting it, before them, in terms of indignation. If you had mentioned the idea when we were alone, I should have discussed it with you in a manner consistent with the respect and the affection I entertain for you.' He understood me, but treated me for some time with considerable coolness."

This account of his private relations with Bonaparte is followed by a private revelation of another kind. The Duke of Ragusa is here exceedingly communicative.

"I conceived a project, the success of which was the misfortune of my life. Some

of my friends had a great idea of marrying me. They proposed for my acceptance Mdlle. Perregaux, daughter of the banker of that name, and reputed heiress to a considerable fortune. The family was honorable, and Mdlle. Perregaux was agreeable and pretty. She found me to her taste, and in two months all was arranged and accomplished. \* \* But, in marrying, I entailed upon myself a thousand ills. I was not yet twenty-four years of age, and I was about to pass the greater part of my life in wandering through the world. At twenty-four a young man is not sufficiently matured to know the value of domestic happiness. His passions are too fierce. \* \* On the other hand, a prolonged separation, giving a young woman the habit of independence, as well as a taste for it, induces her to consider as insupportable the yoke of a husband's authority whenever he happens to return, though while he is absent she is left without protection. I shall say little of this unhappy union,—as little, indeed, as possible, though it had a great influence on my after life, though it has frequently been to me an aggravation of my difficulties, my cares, my griefs, my embarrassments. Never did it bring me joy, support, or consolation; it has always crossed and shadowed my destiny. Mdlle. de Perregaux, with great inequalities of character, had all the faults of a spoiled child. She was not incapable of good impulses, but a disposition exceedingly egotistic and violent invariably neutralized them. Ultimately her flatterers ruined her, and since then the injuries she has inflicted on me have been without measure and of every kind."

The art of Memoir-writing is applied, in these passages, to an original use. Perhaps Mdlle. de Perregaux might have had something to recriminate upon Marshal Marmont. Perhaps, also, that vindictive old soldier had this episode in view when he dreaded the mutilation of his Memoirs. Sedulous as he is to impress upon the reader's mind that no one ever served France with more purity of heart than the Duke of Ragusa, it is to be deplored that he adulterated the narrative of his public career with topics of family scandal and utterances of private spleen. The Memoirs, doubtless, will prove a notable addition to the literature of the Bonaparte period; but though they are interesting as presenting the personal views of a distinguished actor in the scenes of that great epoch, they are less strictly original than might have been ex-

pected, and so far contain little in the nature of disclosures.

## VOL. II.

THE second Volume of the Ragusa Memoirs is in all respects more interesting than the first. It opens upon a broader scene. It is composed of more brilliant materials. It is more profuse in anecdote, in notable sayings, in the familiar remarks of famous men upon famous events. It is a portrait of Napoleon, drawn by one of his Marshals, by his counsellor and confidential friend. Marmont, writing no longer with the fear of the First Consul or the Emperor before his eyes, repeats his secret conversations, never forgets an incident that will help to prove him to have been as proud as Lucifer, and accuses him as the destroyer of armies and the humiliator of France. Could Napoleon have known what would be the criticisms of Marmont upon his life and character, he would probably have learnt that before no intelligent man whatever could he venture to play a candid or natural part, without raising up against himself a judge and a betrayer. The ambitious soldiers who could not rise without promoting this conqueror to unlimited political power,—the men who became Marshals by his favor,—were by no means the least jealous of his contemporaries, or the least hypocritical of his associates. They understood his motives; they knew when he was acting in disguise; they admired his dramatic affectations; and they aided and encouraged him, for they prospered in his ascendancy.

Marmont, commencing the second volume of his personal narrative, reviews the position of the Egyptian army in 1799. He was at Alexandria without money, without supplies, "but with a pestilence and a bombardment." Napoleon was preparing for the expedition into Syria, and Marmont, according to his own account, was panting for the activity of a campaign. He is undeserving of glory who is satisfied with what he has obtained, said Louis the Fourteenth, and the Marshal concurred; so that the monotony of the Egyptian campaign appeared to him intolerable. Not so to General Menou, who seems to have filled the silken sail of his imagination with breezes from among the gold and damask lights and "citron shadows" of an Eastern Caliphate. He intuitively—perhaps unconsciously—foresaw that a king-maker

had been born to France, and with a sort of confident dilatoriness peculiarly Oriental may be said to have planned the ascent of an Arabian throne. He would marry a daughter of the Mussulmans, in order to fix his influence upon the popular mind. Marmont, looking back through the light of thirty years, can afford to be sarcastic on the subject of this scheme :

"Menou selected as his wife the daughter of a miserable bath-keeper of Rosetta; she was neither young nor beautiful, so that it was no entanglement of the passions that had overpowered him; but she was the daughter of a Sherif, and a descendant of Mohammed. The eccentric ceremonies to which he submitted, the humiliations that were imposed upon him by his new relatives, were matter of public notoriety. He chose the name of Abdallah, or the Servant of God."

Napoleon had marched his troops in triumph from El-Arish to Gaiya, and thence to Jaffa, but had been repulsed from St. Jean d'Acre,—and this episode tempts Marmont to undertake the gratuitous task of defending the two crimes of his master's military life, the poisoning of the sick before the Syrian retreat, and the massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa. He sneers in an easy style at "false philanthropy," and justifies the murder of the sick on the ground of humanity, and the massacre of the prisoners on the ground of necessity. "The best thing to do with barbarians who are in the habit of massacring is to kill them."—"War is not a game of children—woe to the conquered!"—"The incendiary ravage of the Palatinate by Louis the Fourteenth was quite another matter; but even that, if it assisted him in gaining his object, was legitimate."—Such is Marmont, the moralist and the logician! It will be seen that he, too, can flatter the acts of his military chief. But he professes never to pronounce an unconsidered eulogy; and his first remark in praise of Kleber is bestowed on him for having refused the assent of a courtier to Napoleon when it was his duty to speak as a councillor of war. Napoleon was impatient to assault St. Jean d'Acre. He summoned his generals. "The breach is practicable," he said.—"Certainly the breach is practicable," they replied—all but Kleber, who remained silent. The question was repeated to him. "Certainly, my General, the breach is practicable,—a cat

could easily pass through it!" Every one remembers how fatal the enterprise proved.

But Bonaparte was now speculating upon a political campaign in France, and called Marmont to his councils. He had been shut up with Berthier for four hours, reading and talking over the Gazettes. He called Ganthéaume. "When I heard him call Ganthéaume, I divined his motive, and said, with a smile to Duroc, 'It is Vignon he wants.'" Now Vignon was the person who took care of his carriages and equipages. To Marmont himself Napoleon represented the disastrous state of the government and the army: adding, "Nothing can be done by the incapables who are now at the head of affairs. All is ignorance, stupidity, or corruption among them. It is I, I alone who have borne the burden. When I am away, all goes wrong." After saying much more, he told Marmont to prepare every thing for his departure. "When all is ready, I will come down like a bombshell!"

"It was my duty, and it was my interest," says Marmont, "to execute these orders." Moreover, certain illusions of the heart attracted him to Paris. "I shall relate, in due time, how these illusions were dissipated, and changed into sorrows." On the way home they touched at Corsica. Bonaparte never visited his native island again:

"That is not surprising; but it is astonishing that he never did any thing for the advantage of his native island, either to enrich or to civilize it. Nor did he ever bestow a benefit on one of its inhabitants; but this was upon principle. I have often heard him say, that to grant a favor to one Corsican was infallibly to offend all the others; and that, not being able to give to all, he never would give to any. Nor did he once in his life forget this convenient doctrine."

He remembered, perhaps, the ancient apothegm, that he who grants a boon makes one man grateful and ten men discontented.

Arriving in France, Napoleon was enthusiastically received. In Paris his presence excited every species of ambition. He was looked upon as the rising sun: all classes were eager to pay him homage. "A change here is indispensable," he observed to Marmont. "You will see," observed Marmont to Junot, at the Palais Royal, "that, upon his return, he will assume the crown." These Generals and their chief affected the utmost scorn of the Directory. Moulin was,

in their sight, a miserable nonentity, and Barras "the personification of corruption," abject, dissolute, and stained by "the vices of modern times added to the vices of antiquity." While negotiating with this man, "Bonaparte had no other object than to inspire him with a fallacious sense of security." Berthier, Murat, Lannes, and Marmont were now actual conspirators. "I was to find out where the military stores, horses, and artillery barracks were, as well as where the officers lodged." Bonaparte, invested by the Council of Elders with the chief military command, took a number of that body into his confidence: 500 persons were let into the secret within forty-eight hours.

"Berthier, Lannes, Murat, and I had invited several of our comrades to breakfast. I had eight in a little house which I occupied in the Rue St. Lazare. While we were at breakfast, Duroc arrived, in full uniform, and said to me, 'General, Gen. Bonaparte is about to mount his horse. He has sent you orders to join him.' In a few words, I explained to my comrades what was going on. My address was spirited and brief. \* \* \* Several objected that they had no horses."

Eight horses were ready in Marmont's stable. They joined Bonaparte, who was about to be sworn into his new military dignity.

"He took the oath of that Constitution against which he was about to take up arms, and which he was about to destroy. Sad, painful, and ridiculous formality, so often renewed among us, so withered by vain custom. An oath should be held sacred among men; for it is the only moral tie that can unite them."

So moralizes the soldier who, while this oath was being pronounced, prepared to assist Napoleon in violating it. The same afternoon Napoleon uttered his artificial outburst of patriotic indignation:

"I left France peaceful and triumphant; I find her humiliated and divided. I left numerous and victorious armies; they have been destroyed or conquered. What has become of those 100,000 men, the companions of my labors? They are dead: they have all miserably perished! They who have caused these disasters must no longer mix up their names with the affairs of the State; they should live henceforward in obscurity and oblivion.' This speech [says Marmont] might have been addressed to

Bonaparte, when, fifteen years later, he assisted at the obsequies of the Empire. But it would not have been with the loss of some hundred thousand men that he would have been reproached, but with the loss of millions, wilfully sacrificed. It was not only the humiliation of the State, but its destruction, that might have been imputed to him; not partial misfortunes only, the result of mistaken acts or of unskillful conduct, that were then to be deplored, but afflictions accumulated without measure, by a series of mad undertakings."

These are hard words from a Marshal of the Empire, especially as the ruin deplored is attributed to "the fatal influence of flattery and a resolute determination to keep his eyes constantly shut to the truth." But even in his triumphant days, on the 18th *Brumaire*, Napoleon, says Marmont, stammered and hesitated, and played a part unworthy of his spirit, of his courage, and of his renown. Had the assembly outlawed him upon the spot, "God only knows what might have happened." But the Councils of the State were surprised; a rumor was got up of an attempt on the great conspirator's life, and Bonaparte slept for the last time at his house in the Rue de La Victoire. The next day he was at the Luxembourg. He was in name First Consul, in reality, Autocrat.

The event at Marengo came to crown his usurpation. The glory of France seemed to revive at the inspiration of the Consulate. The banners captured at Marengo were brought into Paris on the *fête* of the 14th of July, the Consular guard deploying in the Champs de Mars in the midst of the national ceremony, still covered with the blood and dust of the battle, but bright with the illumination of victory. The Memoirs show how theatrically all these tableaux were contrived.

The Marshal has some confessions to offer with reference to the re-establishment of Catholicism in France. By the army in particular this step was very unfavorably viewed:

"Some of my comrades were exceedingly indignant, and though I never went so far as infidelity, though I have even envied persons who entertain sincere beliefs on account of the consolations they derive from them, I shared their angry feelings. \* \* The First Consul had a long conversation with me on this subject under the great trees of Mal-



maison. He pointed out to me that France was essentially religious and Catholic, that the only way to be master of the clergy and to direct their influence was to re-establish, organize, and honor them, and provide for their wants. He added—'When this is done, my power in France will be doubled, and I shall have root in the heart of the people.'"

However, according to Marmont, the First Consul took a lesson in political economy from him, and restricted the holidays of the Church. Then came the great work of the Code, and the war with England.—

"It has been frequently debated whether Bonaparte ever seriously intended to undertake the expedition against England. I declare, with assurance and with certainty, *yes*; that expedition was the most ardent desire of his life, and long continued his dearest hope."

—But the thin sweep of sea deterred him.

In 1804, when in his thirtieth year, Marmont was appointed to the command of the army at Utrecht, the military narrative leading thence upon the Rhine, to Ulm, to Amstetten, to Leoben, and Caldiero. But the main interest of the Memoirs belongs to the events that grouped themselves round the personal career of Napoleon during the short history of the Consulate and the dawn of the Empire. Of the conspiracy of Pichegru, concerning which Bourrienne has so decisive an opinion, the Marshal has little to say. He can shadow no light upon that transaction, he admits,—but he considers himself qualified to charge Bourrienne with falsifying the facts in support of a particular view. Bourrienne, it will be remembered, imputed the whole affair to the instigation of Fouché; but whether or not it was contrived by the agents of that other conspiracy which continually worked at the Luxembourg, it was of the utmost service to Bonaparte. The Memoirs even say:

"The first Consul adroitly availed himself of this conspiracy to hasten the execution of his project of mounting the throne."

He notices but slightly the act which established the Empire; but grows prolix on the subject of the creation of Marshals which immediately took place.

"Every one in command of a *corps d'armée* was made a Marshal, except myself."

But there was some consolation for Marmont. It was more pleasant to be Marmont, and to hear people say *Why is he not a Marshal?* than to be Bessières and hear them ask *Why is he one?* Moreover, the Emperor himself addressed him with these words:

"If Bessières had not been nominated on this occasion, there would never have been another opportunity; you have been passed over, but you will only be the greater when your elevation comes as the reward of your achievements. \* \* This was language which went straight to my heart."

The 2nd of December, 1804, was not a day of unqualified degradation for France. The man who then seized upon the throne was at least a hero, identified with the glory of the nation. The crown was placed upon his head in the midst of a scene of magnificence by which the army and the populace were dazzled; but Marmont was galled by disappointed vanity.—

"My comrades were Marshals, my successor in the command of the artillery was a grand officer of the Empire, and I was nothing of the sort. I might, indeed, have seated myself among the Councillors of State, but a civil costume would have displeased me."

He, therefore, took his place in the crowd of general officers, and soon afterwards was consoled by a message appointing him Colonel-General of Chasseurs—so he, too, was now an imperial grand officer! And Napoleon? He was Emperor, and dissatisfied! So, at least, reported Decrés to Marmont. Decrés was Minister of Marine, and Napoleon, on the day after the coronation, said to him:

"I have come too late; men are now too clear-sighted; there is no longer any thing grand to be done."—"What! sire," said Decrés. "To me your destiny seems brilliant enough. What could be more grand than to occupy the first throne in the world after having been nothing but an artillery officer?"—"Yes," Napoleon answered, "my career is a fine one, I admit. I have made a pretty way for myself, but how different it would have been in antiquity! Look at Alexander after conquering Asia, and declaring himself to be the son of Jove,—why, with the exception of Olympias, and Aristotle, and a few pedants of Athens, all the world believed it. But as for me, if I were to announce myself to-day to be son of the eternal Father, and were to return him public thanks for that

title, there is not a fishwoman who would not hiss as I went by. People know too much; there is no longer any thing grand to be done.'"

As Marshal Marmont observes, "all comment would be superfluous." Affecting as he did to despise his mortal dignity, the Emperor was, nevertheless, jealous lest it should ever pass into the hands of his brother Jerome. He offered to make him King of Italy on condition that he should pledge himself never to claim the Imperial

crown—a singular stipulation, considering that he afterwards named him his first heir in default of legitimate issue.

These selections will prepare the reader for a volume of light personal history, mingled with pictures of the Imperial campaigns, and of the conspiracies by which a great soldier was enabled to convert his sword into a sceptre. The book is worth studying, if only for the sake of the curious reflections cast by Marmont upon the character and motives of Napoleon.

*History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth.* By William Robertson, D.D. With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication. By William H. Prescott, &c. &c. Two vols. Routledge and Co.

THIS is an edition of a standard work in the highest degree creditable to its publishers. In asking Mr. Prescott to append to Robertson's *Charles V.* a summary account of what has recently been disclosed touching the life of Charles after his abdication, they asked exactly the right man for exactly the right thing. They have made the *History of Charles V.* complete. Mr. Prescott's narrative tells nothing new, but it tells ably, and from full and precise knowledge, what the world has learnt but newly. His name is one that might fitly be joined on the same title-page with that of Robertson, and of the union has, in the present instance, certainly come strength. For popular use there will be no edition of Robertson's *Charles V.* more suitable than this, for which we thank the enterprise of Mr. Routledge.—*Examiner.*

Or the poultry show at Birmingham the *Times* report thus speaks:

"The poultry form one of the most extraordinary features of the show. A few years ago the number of pens amounted to more than 2,200; and as the assemblage of many inferior birds only tended to make a market of the occasion without adding to the public value of the show, the committee determined to reduce the entries. The new regulation raising the amount of subscription, and forbidding one exhibitor from showing more than four pens, has had a salutary effect, and now not a bad bird is to be found. It is difficult even for a practised eye to distinguish the points of difference between a highly commended and first-prize bird.

"The poultry shows have had the effect of doubling the average weight of the individual birds, as well as of greatly extending their number throughout the kingdom. Formerly 9 lbs. was the average weight of geese at the show; now it is 20 lbs., and thus, by the spread of good breeds throughout the country, a great increase of food has been realized without any greater expenditure in feeding.

"The poultry and pigeon classes are all improvements upon last year, particularly the Game, Dorking, and Cochín China fowl, and the Spanish fowls, by far the most meritorious class, have never been equalled at any other exhibition."

The Committee sell tickets of admission to the master manufacturers at the rate of 40 for £1, for distribution among their workmen.

THE *Droit* says: "A Dutch trader, of Amsterdam, arrived in Paris some time ago with a valuable painting on wood, by Perugino, which had long been in possession of his family, and of his own, but which was sadly in need of being cleaned and restored. A picture-cleaner, named L—, having been strongly recommended to him, was employed to do what was necessary, and, after keeping the picture, on different pretexts, rather a long time, the man took it to the owner, a few days ago. The latter immediately carried it to a packing-case maker, and told him to pack it up with great care, in order that it might be sent into Holland. A picture-valuer who happened to be in the shop, hearing that the painting was a Perugino, requested to be allowed to examine it; and the moment he cast his eye on it, he said that it was not an original, but a copy. 'It has always been regarded as an original,' said the Dutch gentleman, 'by numerous artists and connoisseurs who have examined it. But it has just been restored.' 'The restorer, then,' said the other, 'has given you a copy instead of the original.'—'Not so, for I recognize the wood at the back—the effect produced by age—the knots; I know them by heart, and all are there.' The other thereupon, after examining the painting with great care, said that the part of the wood bearing the painting had been skilfully sawn off, and that the copy had been made on the wood that remained. 'The copy,' added the valuer, 'has been given to you, and the original will no doubt be transferred to canvas by the ordinary process.' The Dutch gentleman was astounded, and at once laid a complaint before the police. The picture-cleaner being sent for, could not deny the fraud, and said that he had sold the original to an Englishman. He was arrested."

\* As which quills" thought stanza that even "Shall sh Afrigh

From The National Intelligencer.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In the year 1756, Washington, then in his twenty-fifth year, had been busily engaged in planting forts along the frontiers of Virginia, then the haunt of prowling savages. Field-Marshal the Marquis of Montcalm was reducing Fort Oswego, ascending the St. Lawrence as far as Ontario, and strengthening Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Generals Loudoun and Abercrombie, of the British army, were parleying in Albany or elsewhere, debating when they should have been fighting; for, in 1756, England and France, instead of being allies, as at present, were engaged in hostilities of which the theatre embraced both the Old World and the New. George the Second sat on the British throne, and Louis the Fifteenth had been long enough King of France to forfeit the title of "well-beloved," with which he had been greeted by his loyal subjects soon after his succession to Louis the Magnificent. England was cursed by the spirit of party in her civil affairs, as France by that incipient dissolution of morals which reached its acme in the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, and the Court. In England Charles James Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, was the premier of the Cabinet, though closely pressed by his powerful rival, William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, who before the close of the year succeeded in displacing the former. British pamphleteers without number were discussing the expediency of defending the British possessions in America, "so far back in the interior parts of North America as the River Ohio, the Great Lake, and the Falls of Niagara," and many were found to maintain that territories so remote might better be abandoned to the French as a worthless domain. Politicians were debating the ways and means of prosecuting the war with France, whether by enrolling the national militia or by paying subsidies for foreign troops. In the interior of England men's hearts were failing them for fear of a French invasion, the probabilities and results of which were duly rehearsed in bad prose and worse verse.\* In the Mediterranean the Island of Minorca

\* As a specimen of the poetical enthusiasm which at this day exuded from those "gray goose-quills" of British patriots, horror-stricken at the thought of a French invasion, we append a single stanza from the many poems before us relating to that event—which did not take place:

"Shall slavery's heirs, the silken sons of Selma,  
Affright our cities with invading flames?"

was seized by the French, and Admiral Byng for his imputed errors in that quarter was destined to atone with his life for the errors of an unpopular Ministry, who, without deserving success, or doing aught to command it, had led the country to expect most confidently that victory would every where follow the British flag.

In literature, the *Connoisseur*, by "Mr. Town," continued to delight the Londoners, though its perusal was not unattended with disparaging comments on the part of those who had breakfasted on hot rolls and the *Spectator*. Instead of the Edinburgh and the London Quarterlies, the "Monthly Review, or Literary Journal, by several hands," was the principal organ of the English literati, and assumed to be the critical Rhadamanthus who heard the pleas and appointed the fates of English authors. Hume was publishing his history and Hutcheson was expounding his moral philosophy, while the fame of Bishop Warburton was to some an object of perpetual assault and to others of perpetual adulation. In France, Voltaire was writing pamphlets and books at the rate of a pamphlet a day and a book per month, while his associates, the Encyclopediasts, were slowly mustering their forces in the cause of Illuminism. In Sweden, Linnæus was analyzing flowers from China and Palestine, the collections of his friend Hesselquist.

In many of the villages and market towns of England the clergy complained that the people, by retaining the old style of chronology, could not be brought to observe the church fasts and feasts; the highways were still beset by footpads; multitudes were looking for "the great comet," whose coming Sir Isaac Newton had assigned to the opening of the year 1757, and tracts were circulated to show from Scripture prophecy the connection between that event and the second coming of Christ, which latter, by the "Millerites" of a century ago, was deemed close at hand. The experiments in electricity "of the ingenious Mr. Franklin" were about this time first published in England, and "pointed rods" began to be erected by a few in defence against that medium which to-day we have harnessed and made to carry our thoughts from one end of the land to the other.

O valor! from an haughty victor's reign  
Protect the shores of Severn, Trent, and Thames!  
Arm, Briton, for by Henry's lance divine,  
Ay, Edward's arms, I swear, that great revenge is mine!"

## CHAPTER XXII.—THE YOUNG PRINCE.

It may be supposed that, after all they had heard of him, the Athelings prepared themselves with a little excitement for the visit of Louis. Even Mrs. Atheling, who disapproved of him, could not prevent herself from wandering astray in long speculations about the old lord—and it seemed less improper to wonder and inquire concerning a boy, whom the Honorable Anastasia herself inquired after and wondered at. As for the girls, Louis had come to be an ideal hero to both of them. The adored and wonderful brother of Rachel—though Rachel was only a girl, and scarcely so wise as themselves—the admiration of Miss Bridget, and the anxiety of Miss Anastasia, though these were only a couple of old ladies, united in a half deification of the lordly young stranger, whose own appearance and manner were enough to have awakened a certain romantic interest in their simple young hearts. They were extremely concerned to-night about their homely tea-table—that every thing should look its best and brightest; and even contrived, unknown to Hannah, to filch and convert into a temporary cake-basket that small rich old silver salver, which had been wont to stand upon one of Miss Bridget's little tables for cards. Then they robbed the garden for a sufficient bouquet of flowers; and then Agnes, half against her sister's will, wove in one of those pale roses to Marian's beautiful hair. Marian, though she made a laughing protest against this, and pretended to be totally indifferent to the important question, which dress she should wear? clearly recognized herself as the heroine of the evening. She knew very well, if no one else did, what was the vision which Louis had seen at the old gate, and came down to Miss Bridget's prim old parlor in her pretty light muslin dress with the rose in her hair, looking, in her little flutter and palpitation, as sweet a "vision of delight" as ever appeared to the eyes of man.

And Louis came—came—condescended to take tea—stayed some two hours or so, and then took his departure, hurriedly promising to come back for his sister. This much-anticipated hero—could it be possible that his going away was the greatest relief to them all, and that no one of the little party felt at all comfortable or at ease till he was gone? It was most strange and deplorable, yet it was most true beyond the possibility of a question; for Louis, with all a young man's sensitive pride stung into bitterness by his position, haughtily repelled the interest and kindness of all these women. He was angry at Rachel—poor little anxious timid Rachel, who almost looked happy when they

crossed this kindly threshold—for supposing these friends of hers, who were all women, could be companions for him; he was angry at himself for his anger; he was in the haughtiest and darkest frame of his naturally impetuous temper, rather disposed to receive as an insult any overture of friendship, and fiercely to plume himself upon his separated and orphaned state. They were all entirely discomfited and taken aback by their stately visitor, whom they had been disposed to receive with the warmest cordiality, and treat as one whom it was in their power to be kind to. Though his sister did so much violence to her natural feelings that she might hold her ground as his representative, Louis did not by any means acknowledge her deputyship. In entire opposition to her earnest and anxious frankness, Louis closed himself up with a jealous and repellant reserve; said nothing he could help saying, and speaking, when he did speak, with a cold and indifferent dignity; did not so much as refer to the Hall or Lord Winterbourne, and checked Rachel, when she was about to do so, with an almost imperceptible gesture, peremptory and full of displeasure. Poor Rachel, constantly referring to him with her eyes, and feeling the ground entirely taken from beneath her feet, sat pale and anxious, full of apprehension and dismay. Marian, who was not accustomed to see her own pretty self treated with such absolute unconcern, took down *Fatherless Fanny* from the bookshelf, and played with it, half reading, half "pretending," at one of the little tables. Agnes, after many vain attempts to draw Rachel's unmanageable brother into conversation, gave it up at last, and sat still by Rachel's side in embarrassed silence. Mamma betook herself steadily to her work-basket. The conversation fell away into mere questions addressed to Louis, and answers in monosyllables, so that it was an extreme relief to every member of the little party when this impracticable visitor rose at last, bowed to them all, and hastened away.

Rachel sat perfectly silent till the sound of his steps had died upon the road; then she burst out in a vehement apologetic outcry. "O, don't be angry with him—don't, please," said Rachel; "he thinks I have been trying to persuade you to be kind to him, and he cannot bear that even from me; and indeed, indeed you may believe me, it is quite true! I never saw him, except once or twice, in such a humor before."

"My dear," said Mrs. Atheling, with that dignified zone which Mamma could assume when it was necessary, to the utter discomfit-



ure of her opponent—"my dear, we are very glad to see your brother, but of course it can be nothing whatever to us the kind of humor he is in; that is quite his own concern."

Poor Rachel now, having no other resource, cried. She was only herself in this uncomfortable moment. She could no longer remember Louis' pride or Louis' dignity; for a moment the poor little subject heart felt a pang of resentment against the object of its idolatry, such as little Rachel had sometimes felt when Louis was "naughty," and she, his unfortunate little shadow, innocently shared in his punishment; but now, as at every former time, the personal trouble of the patient little sister yielded to the dread that Louis "was not understood." "You will know him better some time," she said, drying her sorrowful appealing eyes. So far as appearances went at this moment, it did not seem quite desirable to know him better, and nobody said a word in return.

After this the three girls went out together to the garden, still lying sweet in the calm of the long summer twilight, under a young moon and some early stars. They did not speak a great deal. They were all considerably absorbed with thoughts of this same hero, who, after all, had not taken an ineffective method of keeping their interest alive.

And Marian did not know how or whence it was that this doubtful and uncertain

paladin came to her side in the pleasant darkness, but was startled by his voice in her ear as she leaned once more over the low garden-gate. "It was here I saw you first," said Louis, and Marian's heart leaped in her breast, half with the suddenness of the words, half with—something else. Louis, who had been so haughty and ungracious all the evening—Louis, Rachel's idol, everybody's superior—yet he spoke low in the startled ear of Marian, as if that first seeing had been an era in his life.

"Come with us," said Louis, as Rachel at sight of him hastened to get her bonnet—"come along this enchanted road a dozen steps into fairy-land, and back again. I forget every thing, even myself, on such a night."

And they went, scarcely answering, yet more satisfied with this brief reference to their knowledge of him, than if the king had forsaken his nature, and become as confidential as Rachel. They went their dozen steps on what was merely the terraced path-way, soft, dark, and grassy, to Agnes and Rachel, who went first in anxious conversation, but which the other two, coming silently behind, had probably a different idea of. Marian at least could not help cogitating these same adjectives, with a faint inquiry within herself, what it was which could make this an enchanted road or fairy-land.

## CHAPTER XXII.—A BEGINNING.

THE next morning, while the mother and daughters were still in the full fervor of discussion about this same remarkable Louis, he himself was seen for the first time in the early daylight passing the window, with that singular rapidity of step which he possessed in common with his sister. They ceased their argument after seeing him—why, no one could have told; but quite unresolved as the question was, and though Mamma's first judgment, unsoftened by that twilight walk, was still decidedly unfavorable to Louis, they all dropped the subject tacitly and at once. Then Mamma went about various domestic operations; then Agnes dropped into the chair which stood before that writing-book upon the table, and, with an attention much broken and distracted, gradually fell away into her own ideal world; and then Marian, leading Bell and Beau with meditative hands, glided forth softly to the garden, with downcast face and drooping eyes, full of thought. The children ran away from her at once when their little feet touched the grass, but Marian went

straying along the paths, absorbed in her meditation, her pretty arms hanging by her side, her pretty head bent, her light fair figure gliding softly in shadow over the low mossy paling and the close-clipped hedge within. She was thinking only what it was most natural she should think, about the stranger of last night; yet now and then into the stream of her musing dropped, with the strangest disturbance and commotion, these few quiet words spoken in her ear,—"It was here I saw you first." How many times, then, had Louis seen her? and why did he recollect so well that first occasion? and what did he mean?

While she was busy with these fancies, all at once, Marian could not tell how, as suddenly as he appeared last night, Louis was here again—here, within the garden of the Old Wood Lodge, walking by Marian's side, a second long shadow upon the close-clipped hedge and the mossy paling, rousing her to a guilty consciousness that she had been thinking of him, which brought blush after blush in a flutter of "sweet shame."

facedness" to her cheek, and weighed down still more heavily the shy and dreamy lids of these beautiful eyes.

The most unaccountable thing in the world! but Marian, who had received with perfect coolness the homage of Sir Langham, and whose conscience smote her with no compunctions for the slaying of the gifted American, had strangely lost her self-possession to-day. She only replied in the sedatest and gravest manner possible to the questions of her companion—looked anxiously at the parlor window for an opportunity of calling Agnes, and with the greatest embarrassment longed for the presence of some one to end this *tête-à-tête*. Louis, on the contrary, exerted himself for her amusement, and was as different from the Louis of last night as it was possible to conceive.

"Ay, there it is," said Louis, who had just asked her what she knew of Oxford—"there it is, the seat of learning, thrusting up all its pinnacles to the sun; but I think, if the world were wise, this glitter and shining might point to the dark, dark ignorance outside of it, even more than to the little glow within."

Now this was not much in Marian's way—but her young squire, who would have submitted himself willingly to her guidance had she given any, was not yet acquainted at all with the ways of Marian.

She said, simply, looking at the big dome sullenly throwing off the sunbeams, and at the glancing arrow-heads, of more impressive and delicate kind, "I think it is very pretty, with all those different spires and towers; but do you mean it is the poor people who are so very ignorant? It seems as though people could scarcely help learning who live there."

"Yes, the poor people—I mean all of us," said Louis slowly, and with a certain painful emphasis. "A great many of the villagers, it is true, have never been to school; but I do not count a man ignorant who knows what he has to do, and how to do it, though he never reads a book, nor has pen in hand all his life. I save my pity for a more unfortunate ignorance than that."

"But that is very bad," said Marian decidedly, "because there is more to do than just to work, and we ought to know about—about a great many things. Agnes knows better than I."

This was said very abruptly, and meant that Agnes knew better what Marian meant to say than she herself did. The youth at her side, however, showed no inclination for any interpreter. He seemed, indeed, to be rather pleased than otherwise with this breaking off.

"When I was away, I was in strange enough quarters, and learnt something about knowledge," said Louis, "though not much knowledge itself—Heaven help me! I suppose I was not worthy of that."

"And did you really run away?" asked Marian, growing bolder with this quickening of personal interest.

"I really ran away," said the young man, a hot flush passing for an instant over his brow; and then he smiled—a kind of daring desperate smile, which seemed to say, "what I have done once I can do again."

"And what did you do?" said Marian, continuing her inquiries; she forgot her shyness in following up this story, which she knew and did not know.

"What all the village lads do who get into scrapes and break the hearts of the old women," said Louis, with a somewhat bitter jesting. "I 'listed for a soldier—but there was not even an old woman to break her heart for me."

"O, there was Rachel!" cried Marian eagerly.

"Yes, indeed, there was Rachel, my good little sister," answered the young man; "but her kind heart would have mended again had they let me alone. It would have been better for us both."

He said this with a painful compression of his lip, which a certain wistful sympathy in the mind of Marian taught her to recognize as the sign of tumult and contention in this turbulent spirit. She hastened with a womanly instinct to direct him to the external circumstances again.

"And you were really a soldier—a—not an officer—only a common man," Marian shrunk visibly from this, which was an actual and possible degradation, feared as the last downfall for the "wild sons" of the respectable families in the neighborhood of Bellevue.

"Yes, I belong to a class which has no privileges; there was not a drummer in the regiment but was of better birth than I," exclaimed Louis. "Ah, that is folly—I did very well. In Napoleon's army, had I belonged to that day!—but in my time there was neither a general nor a war."

"Surely," said Marian, who began to be anxious about this unfortunate young man's "principles," "you would not wish for a war?"

"Should you think it very wrong?" said Louis with a smile.

"Yes," answered the young Mentor with immediate decision; for this conversation befell in those times, not so very long ago, when everybody declared that such convulsions were over, and that it was impossible,

in the face of civilization, steamboats, and the electric telegraph, to entertain the faintest idea of a war.

They had reached this point in their talk, gradually growing more at ease and familiar with each other, when it suddenly chanced that Mamma, passing from her own sleeping-room to that of the girls, paused a moment to look out at the small middle window in the passage between them, and looking down, was amazed to see this haughty and misanthropic Louis passing quietly along the trim pathway of the garden, keeping his place steadily by Marian's side. Mrs. Atheling was not a mercenary mother, neither was she one much given to alarm for her daughters, lest they should make bad marriages or fall into unfortunate love; but

Mrs. Atheling, who was scrupulously proper, did not like to see her pretty Marian in such friendly companionship with "a young man in such an equivocal position," even though he was the brother of her friend. "We may be kind to them," said Mamma to herself, "but we are not to go any further: and, indeed, it would be very sad if he should come to more grief about Marian, poor young man;—how pretty she is!"

Yes, it was full time Mrs. Atheling should hasten down stairs, and, in the most accidental manner in the world, step out into the garden. Marian, unfortunate child! with her young roses startled on her sweet young cheeks by this faint presaging breath of a new existence, had never been so pretty all her life.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHAT Louis did or said, or how he made interest for himself in the tender heart of Mamma, no one very well knows; yet a certain fact it was, that from henceforward Mrs. Atheling, like Miss Anastasia, became somewhat contemptuous of Rachel in the interest of Louis, and pursued eager and long investigations in her own mind—investigations most fruitless, yet most persevering—touching the old lord and the unknown conclusion of his life. All that was commonly known of the last years of the last Lord Winterbourne was, that he had died abroad. Under the pressure of family calamity he had gone to Italy, and there, people said, had wandered about for several years, leading a desultory and unsettled life, entirely out of the knowledge of any of his friends; and when the present bearer of the title came home, bearing the intelligence of his elder brother's death, the most entire oblivion closed down upon the foreign grave of the old lord. Back into this darkness Mrs. Atheling, who knew no more than common report, made vain efforts to strain her kindly eyes, but always returned with a sigh of despair. "No!" said Mamma, "he might be proud, but he was virtuous and honorable. I never heard a word said against the old lord. Louis is like him, but it must only be a chance resemblance. No! Mr. Reginald was always a wild bad man. Poor things! they *must* be his children; for my lord, I am sure, never betrayed or deceived any creature all his life."

But still she mused and dreamed concerning Louis; he seemed to exercise a positive fascination over all these elder people; and Mrs. Atheling, more than she had ever desired a friendly gossip with Miss Willsie, longed to meet once more with the Honorable Anastasia, to talk over her conjectures and guesses respecting "the boy."

In the mean time, Louis himself, relieved from that chaperonship and anxious introduction by his sister, which the haughty young man could not endure, made daily increase of his acquaintance with the strangers. He began to form part of their daily circle, expected and calculated upon; and somehow the family life seemed to flow in a stronger and fuller current with the addition of this vigorous element, the young man, who oddly enough seemed to belong to them rather more than if he had been their brother. He took the three girls, who were now so much like three sisters, on long and wearying excursions through the wood and over the hill. He did not mind tiring them out, nor was he extremely fastidious about the roads by which he led them; for, generous at heart as he was, the young man had the unconscious wilfulness of one who all his life had known no better guidance than his own will. Sometimes, in those long walks of theirs, the young Athelings were startled by some singular characteristic of their squire, bringing to light in him, by a sudden chance, things of which these gentle-hearted girls had never dreamed. Once they discovered, lying deep among the great fern-leaves, all brown and rusty with seed, the bright plumage of some dead game, for the reception of which a village boy was making a bag of his pinafore. "Carry it openly," said Louis, at whose voice the lad started; "and if any one asks you where it came from, send them to me." This was his custom, which all the village knew and profited by; he would not permit himself to be restrained from the sport, but he scorned to lift the slain bird, which might be supposed to be Lord Winterbourne's, and left it to be picked up by the chance foragers of the hamlet. At the first perception of this the girls, we are obliged to confess, were

greatly shocked—tears even came to Marian's eyes. She said it was cruel, in a little outbreak of terror, pity, and indignation. "Cruel—no!" said Louis: "did my gun give a sharper wound than one of the score of fashionable guns that will be waking all the echoes in a day or two?" But Marian only glanced up at him hurriedly with her shy eyes, and said, with a half smile, "Perhaps though the wound was no sharper, the poor bird might have liked another week of life."

And the young man looked up into the warm blue sky over head, all crossed and trellised with green leaves, and looked around into the deep September foliage, flaming here and there in a yellow leaf, a point of fire among the green. "I think it very doubtful," he said, sinking his voice, though every one heard him among the noonday hush of the trees, "if I ever can be so happy again. Do you not suppose it would be something worth living for, instead of a week or a year of sadder chances, to be shot upon the wing *now*?"

Marian did not say a word, but shrank away among the bushes, clinging to Rachel's arm, with a shy instinctive motion. "Choose for yourself," said Agnes; "but do not decide so coolly upon the likings of the poor bird. I am sure, had he been consulted, he would rather have taken his chance of the guns next week than lain so quiet under the fern-leaves now."

Whereupon the blush of youth for his own super-elevated and unreal sentiment came over Louis' face. Agnes, by some amusing process common to young girls who are elder sisters, and whom nobody is in love with, had made herself out to be older than Louis, and was rather disposed now and

then to interfere for the regulation of this youth's improper sentiments, and to give him good advice.

And Lord Winterbourne arrived; they discovered the fact immediately by the entire commotion and disturbance of every thing about the village, by the noise of wheels, and the flight of servants, to be desecrated instantly in the startled neighborhood. Then they began to see visions of sportsmen, and flutters of fine ladies; and even without these visible and evident signs, it would have been easy enough to read the information of the arrivals in the clouded and lowering brow of Louis, and in poor little Rachel's distress, anxiety, and agitation. She, poor child, could no longer join their little kindly party in the evening; and when her brother came without her, he burst into violent outbreaks of rage, indignation, and despair, dreadful to see. Neither mother nor daughters knew how to soothe him; for it was even more terrible in their fancy than in his experience to be the Pariah and child of degradation in this great house. Moved by the intolerable burden of this his time of trial, Louis at last threw himself upon the confidence of his new friends, confided his uncertain and conflicting plans to them, relieved himself of his passionate resentment, and accepted their sympathy. Every day he came goaded half to madness, vowing his determination to bear it no longer; but every day, as he sat in the old easy-chair, with his handsome head half-buried in his hands, a solace, sweet and indescribable, stole into Louis' heart; he was inspired to go at the very same moment that he was impelled to stay, by that same vision which he had first seen in the summer twilight at the old garden-gate.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—A MEETING.

THIS state of things continued for nearly a fortnight after the arrival of Lord Winterbourne and his party at the Hall. They saw Mrs. Edgerley passing through the village, and in church; but she either did not see them, or did not think it necessary to take any notice of the girls. Knowing better now the early connection between their own family and Lord Winterbourne's, they were almost glad of this—almost; yet certainly it would have been pleasanter to decline her friendly advances, than to find her, their former patroness, quietly dropping acquaintance with them.

The grassy terraced road which led from Winterbourne village to the highway, and which was fenced on one side by the low wall which surrounded the stables and out-houses of the Rector, and by the hedge and paling of the Old Wood Lodge, but on the

other side was free and open to the fields, which sloped down from it to the low willow-dropped banks of one of those pale rivers, was not a road adapted either for vehicles or horses. The Rivers family, however, holding themselves monarchs of all they surveyed, stood upon no punctilio in respect to the pathway of the villagers, and the family temper, alike in this one particular, brought about a collision important enough to all parties concerned, and especially to the Athelings; for one of those days, when a riding-party from the Hall cantered along the path with a breezy waving and commotion of veils and feathers and riding-habits, and a pleasant murmur of sound, voices a little louder than usual under cover of the September gale, mixed only with the jingle of the harness—for the horses' hoofs struck no sound but that of a dull tread from the



turf of the way—it pleased Miss Anastasia, at the very hour and moment of their approach, to drive her two gray ponies to the door of the Old Wood Lodge. Of course, it was the simplest “accident” in the world, this unpremeditated “chance” meeting. There was no intention nor foresight whatever in the matter. When she saw them coming, Miss Anastasia “growled” under her breath, and marvelled indignantly how they could dream of coming in such a body over the grassed road of the villagers, cutting it to pieces with their horses’ hoofs. She never paused to consider how the wheels of her own substantial vehicle ploughed the road; and for her part, the leader of the fair equestrians brightened with an instant hope of amusement. “Here is cousin Anastasia, the most learned old lady in Banburyshire. Delightful! Now, my love, you shall see the lion of the county,” cried Mrs. Edgerley to one of her young companions, not thinking nor caring whether her voice reached her kinswoman or not. Lord Winterbourne, who was with his daughter, drew back to the rear of the group instinctively. Whatever was said of Lord Winterbourne, his worst enemy could not say that he was brave to meet the comments of those whom he had harmed or wronged.

Miss Anastasia stepped from her carriage in the most deliberate manner possible, nodded to Marian and Agnes, who were in the garden, and to whose defence, seeing so many strangers, hastily appeared their mother, and stood patting and talking to her ponies, in her brown cloth pelisse and tippet, and with that oddest of comfortable bonnets upon her head.

“Cousin Anastasia, I vow! You dear creature, where have you been all these ages? Would any one believe it? Ah, how delightful to live always in the country; what a penalty we pay for town and its pleasures! Could any one suppose that my charming cousin was actually older than me?”

And the fashionable beauty, though she did begin to be faded, threw up her delicate hands with their prettiest gesture, as she pointed to the stately old lady before her, in her antique dress, and with unconcealed furrows in her face. Once, perhaps, not even that beautiful complexion of Mrs. Edgerley was sweeter than that of Anastasia Rivers; but her beauty had gone from her long ago—a thing which she cared not to retain. She looked up with her kind imperious face, upon which were undeniable marks of years and age. She perceived with a most evident and undisguised contempt the titter with which this comparison was greeted. “Go on your way, Louisa,” said

Miss Rivers, “you were pretty once, whatever people say of you now. Don’t be a fool, child; and I advise you not to meddle with me.”

“Delightful! is she not charming?” cried the fine lady, appealing to her companion; “so fresh, and natural, and eccentric—such an acquisition in the Hall! Anastasia, dear, do forget your old quarrel. It was not poor papa’s fault that you were born a woman, though I cannot help confessing it was a great mistake, *certainly*; but, only for once, you, who are such a dear, kind, benevolent creature, come to see me.”

“Go on, Louisa, I advise you,” said the Honorable Anastasia with extreme self-control. “Poor child, I have no quarrel with you, at all events. You did not choose your father—there, pass on. I leave the Hall to those who choose it; the Old Wood Lodge has more attraction for me.”

“And I protest,” cried Mrs. Edgerley, “it is my sweet young friend, the author of —: my dearest child, what is the name of your book? I have *such* a memory. Quite the sweetest story of the season; and I am dying to hear of another. Are you writing again? O, pray say you are. I should be heartbroken to think of waiting very long for it. You must come to the Hall. There are some people coming who are dying to know you, and I positively cannot be disappointed: no one ever disobeys *me*! Come here and let me kiss you, pretty creature. Is she not the sweetest little beauty in the world? and her sister has so much genius; it is quite delightful! So you know my cousin Anastasia; isn’t she charming? Now, good morning, coz.—good morning, dear—and be sure you come to the Hall.”

Miss Anastasia stood aside, watching grimly this unexpected demonstration of friendship, and keenly criticizing Agnes, who colored high with youthful dignity and resentment, and Marian, who drew back abashed, with a painful blush, and a grieved and anxious consciousness that Louisa, unseen but seeing, was a spectator of this salutation, and somehow would be quite as like to resent Mrs. Edgerley’s careless compliment to herself, “as if I had been his sister.” With a steady observation the old lady kept her eyes upon her young acquaintances till the horsemen and horsewomen of Mrs. Edgerley’s train had passed. Then she drew herself up to the utmost pitch of her extreme height, and, without raising her eyes, made a profound courtesy to the last of the train—he on his part lifted his hat, and bent to his saddle-bow. This was how Lord Winterbourne and his brother’s daughter recognized each other. Perhaps the wandering eyes in his bloodless face glanced a mo-

ment, shifting and uncertain as they were, upon the remarkable figure of Miss Rivers, but they certainly paused to take in, with one fixed yet comprehensive glance, the mother and the daughters, the children playing in the garden—the open door of the house—even it was possible he saw Louis, though Louis had been behind, at the end of the little green, out of sight, trying to train a wild honey-suckle round an extempore bower. Lord Winterbourne scarcely paused,

and did not offer the slightest apology for his stare, but they felt, all of them, that he had marked the house, and laid them under the visionary curse of his evil eye. When he had passed, Miss Rivers put them in before her, with an imperative gesture. "Let me know what's brewing," said the Honorable Anastasia, as she reposed herself on the little new sofa in the old parlor. "There's mischief in his eye."

#### CHAPTER XXV.—THE BREWING OF THE STORM.

THE visit of Miss Rivers was the most complimentary attention which she could show to her new friends, for her visits were few, and paid only to a very limited number of people, and these all of her own rank and class. She was extremely curious as to their acquaintance with Mrs. Edgerley, and demanded to know every circumstance from its beginning until now; and this peremptory old lady was roused to quite an eager and animated interest in the poor little book of which, Agnes could not forget, Mrs. Edgerley did not remember so much as the name. The Honorable Anastasia declared abruptly that she never read novels, yet demanded to have *Hope Hazlewood* placed without an instant's delay in her pony-carriage. "Do it at once, my dear: a thing which is done at the moment cannot be forgotten," said Miss Rivers. "You write books, eh? Well, I asked you if you were clever; why did you not tell me at once?"

"I did not think you would care; it was not worth while," said Agnes with some confusion, and feeling considerably alarmed by the idea of this formidable old lady's criticism. Miss Rivers only answered by hurrying her out with the book, lest it might possibly be forgotten. When the girls were gone, she turned to Mrs. Atheling. "What can he do to you," said Miss Anastasia, abruptly, "eh? What's Will Atheling doing? Can he harm Will?"

"No," said Mamma, somewhat excited by the prospect of an enemy, yet confident in the perfect credit and honor of the family father, whose good name and humble degree of prosperity no enemy could overthrow. "William has been where he is now for twenty years."

"So, so," said Miss Rivers—"and the boy? Take care of these girls; it might be in his devilish way to harm them; and I tell you, when you come to know of it, send me word. So she writes books, this girl of yours? She is no better than a child. Do you mean to say you are not proud?"

Mrs. Atheling answered as mothers answer when such questions are put to them, half with a confession, half with a partly-

conscious sophism, about Agnes being "a good girl, and a great comfort to her papa and me."

The girls, when they had executed their commission, looked doubtfully for Louis, but found him gone, as they expected. While they were still lingering where he had been, Miss Rivers came to the door again, going away, and when she had said good-by to Mamma, the old lady turned back again without a word, and very gravely gathered one of the roses. She did it with a singular formality and solemnness, as if it was a religious observance rather than a matter of private liking; and securing it somewhere out of sight in the fastenings of her brown pelisse, waved her hand to them, saying in her peremptory voice, quite loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance, that she was to send for them in a day or two. Then she took her seat in the little carriage, and turned her gray ponies, no very easy matter, towards the high-road. Her easy and complete mastery over them was an admiration to the girls. "Bless you, miss, she'd follow the hounds as bold as any squire," said Hannah; "but there's a deal o' difference in Miss Taesie since the time she broke her heart."

Such an era was like to be rather memorable. The girls thought so, somewhat solemnly, as they went to their work beside their mother. They seemed to be coming to graver times themselves, gliding on in an irresistible noiseless fashion upon their stream of fate.

Louis came again as usual in the evening. He had heard Mrs. Edgerley, and did resent her careless freedom, as Marian secretly knew he would; which fact she who was most concerned, ascertained by his entire and pointed silence upon the subject, and his vehement and passionate contempt, notwithstanding, for Mrs. Edgerley.

"I suppose you are safe enough," he said, speaking to the elder sister. "You will not break your heart because she has forgotten the name of your book—but, Heaven help them, there are hearts which do! There are unfortunate fools in this

crazy world mad enough to be elated and to be thrown into misery by a butterfly of a fine lady, who makes reputations. You think them quite contemptible, do you? but there are such."

"I suppose they must be people who have no friends and no home—or to whom it is of more importance than it is to me," said Agnes; "for I am only a woman, and nothing could make me miserable out of this Old Lodge, or Bellevue."

"Ah—that is *now*," said Louis quickly, and he glanced with an instinctive reference at Marian, whose pallid roses and fluctuating mood already began to testify to some anxiety out of the boundary of these charmed walls. "The very sight of your security might possibly be hard enough upon us who have no home—no home! nothing at all under heaven."

"Except such trifles as strength and youth and a stout heart, a sister very fond of you, and some—some *friends*—and heaven itself, after all, at the end. O Louis!" said Agnes, who on this, as on other occasions, was much disposed to be this "boy's" elder sister, and to advise him "for his good."

He did not say any thing. When he looked up at all from his bending attitude leaning over the table, it was to glance with fiery devouring eyes at Marian—poor little sweet Marian, already pale with anxiety for him. Then he broke out suddenly—"That poor little sister who is very fond of me—do you know what she is doing at this moment?—singing to them!—like the captives at Babylon, making mirth for the spoilers. And my friends—Heaven! you heard what that woman ventured to say to-day."

"My dear," said Mrs. Atheling, who confessed to treating Louis as a "son of her own," "think of Heaven all the day long, and so much the better for you—but I cannot have you using in this way such a name."

This simple little reproof did more for Louis than a hundred philosophies. He laughed low, and with emotion took Mrs. Atheling's hand for a moment between his own—said "Thank you, mother," with a momentary smile of delight and good pleasure. Then his face suddenly flushed with a dark and violent color; he cast an apprehensive yet haughty glance at Mrs. Atheling, and drew his hand away. The stain in his blood was a ghost by the side of Louis, and scarcely left him for an instant, night nor day.

When he left them, they went to the door with him as they had been wont to do, the mother holding a shawl over her cap, the girls with their fair heads uncovered to the

moon. They stood all together at the gate, speaking cheerfully, and sending kind messages to Rachel as they bade him good-night—and none of the little group noticed a figure suddenly coming out of the darkness and gliding along past the paling of the garden. "What, boy, you here?" cried a voice suddenly behind Louis, which made him start aside, and they all shrunk back a little to recognize in the moonlight the marble-white face of Lord Winterbourne.

"What do you mean, sir, wandering about the country at this hour?" said the stranger—"what conspiracy goes on here, eh—what are you doing with a parcel of women? Home to your den, you skulking young vagabond—what are you doing here?"

Marian, the least courageous of the three, moved by a sudden impulse, which was not courage but terror, laid her hand quickly upon Louis' arm. The young man, who had turned his face defiant and furious towards the intruder, turned in an instant, grasping at the little timid hand as a man in danger might grasp at a shield invulnerable. "You perceive, my lord, I am beyond the reach either of your insults or your patronage here," said the youth, whose blood was dancing in his veins, and who at that moment cared less than the merest stranger, who had never heard his name, for Lord Winterbourne.

"Come, my lad, if you are imposing upon these poor people—I must set you right," said the man who was called Louis's father. "Do you know what he is, my good woman, that you harbor this idle young rascal in despite of my known wishes? Home, you young vagabond, home! This boy is—"

"My lord, my lord," interposed Mrs. Atheling, in sudden agitation, "if any disgrace belongs to him, it is yours and not his that you should publish it. Go away, sir, from my door, where you once did harm enough, and don't try to injure the poor boy—perhaps we know who he is better than you."

What put this bold and rash speech into the temperate lips of Mamma, no one could ever tell; the effect of it, however, was electric. Lord Winterbourne fell back suddenly, stared at her with his strained eyes in the moonlight, and swore a muttered and inaudible oath. "Home, you hound!" he repeated in a mechanical tone, and then, waving his hand with a threatening and unintelligible gesture, turned to go away. "So long as the door is yours, my friend, I will take care to make no intrusion upon it," he said significantly before he disappeared; and then the shadow departed out of the moonlight, the stealthy step died on

the grass, and they stood alone again with beating hearts. Mamma took Marian's hand from Louis, but not unkindly, and with an affectionate earnestness bade him go away. He hesitated long, but at length consented, partly for her entreaty, partly for the sake of Rachel. Under other circumstances this provocation would have maddened Louis; but he wrung Agnes' hand with an excited gayety as he lingered

at the door watching a shadow on the window whither Marian had gone with her mother. "I had best not meet him on the road," said Louis: "there is the Curate—for once, for your sake, and the sake of what has happened, I will be gracious and take his company; but to tell the truth, I do not care for any thing which can befall me to-night."

## CHAPTER XXVI.—A CRISIS.

MARIAN, whom her mother tenderly put to sleep that night, as if she had been a child, yet who lay awake in the long cold hours before the dawn in a vague and indescribable emotion, her heart stirring within her like something which did not belong to her—a new and strange existence—slept late the next morning, exhausted and worn out with all this sudden and stormy influx of unknown feelings. Mamma, who, on the contrary, was very early astir, came into the bed-chamber of her daughters at quite an unusual hour, and, thankfully perceiving Marian's profound youthful slumber, stood gazing at the beautiful sleeper with tears in her eyes. Paler than usual, with a shadow under her closed eyelids, and still a little dew upon the long lashes—with one hand laid in childish fashion under her cheek, and the other lying, with its pearly rose-tipped fingers, upon the white coverlid, Marian, but for the moved and human agitation which evidently had worn itself into repose, might have looked like the enchanted beauty of the tale—but indeed she was rather more like a child who had wept itself to sleep. Her sister, stealing softly from her side, left her sleeping, and they put the door ajar that they might hear when she stirred before they went, with hushed steps and speaking in a whisper, down stairs.

Mrs. Atheling was disturbed more than she would tell; what she did say, as Agnes and she sat over their silent breakfast-table, was an expedient which herself had visibly no faith in. "My dear, we must try to prevent him saying any thing," said Mrs. Atheling, with her anxious brow; it was not necessary to name names, for neither of them could forget the scene of last night.

Then by-and-by Mamma spoke again. "I almost fancy we should go home; she might forget it if she were away. Agnes, my love, you must persuade him not to say any thing; he pays great attention to what you say."

"But, mamma—Marian?" said Agnes.

"O, Agnes, Agnes, my dear beautiful child," said Mrs. Atheling, with a sudden access of emotion, "it was only friendship, sympathy—her kind heart; she will think

no more of it, if nothing occurs to put it into her head."

Agnes did not say any thing, though she was extremely doubtful on this subject; but then it was quite evident that Mamma had no faith in her own prognostications, and regarded this first inroad into the family with a mixture of excitement, dread, and agitation which it was not comfortable to see.

After their pretended breakfast, mother and daughter once more stole up-stairs. They had not been in the room a moment, when Marian woke—woke—started with fright and astonishment to see Agnes dressed, and her mother standing beside her; and beginning to recollect, suddenly blushed, and turning away her face, burning with that violent suffusion of color, exclaimed, "I could not help it—I could not help it; would you stand by and see them drive him mad? O mamma, mamma!"

"My darling, no one thinks of blaming you," said Mrs. Atheling, who trembled a good deal, and looked very anxious. "We were all very sorry for him, poor fellow; and you only did what you should have done, like a brave little friend—what I should have done myself, had I been next to him," said Mamma, with great gravity and earnestness, but decidedly overdoing her part.

This did not seem quite a satisfactory speech to Marian. She turned away again petulantly, dried her eyes, and with a side-long glance at Agnes, asked, "Why did you not wake me?—it looks quite late. I am not ill, am I? I am sure I do not understand it—why did you let me sleep?"

"Hush, darling! because you were tired and late last night," said Mamma.

Now this sympathy and tenderness seemed rather alarming than soothing to Marian. Her color varied rapidly, her breath came quick, tears gathered to her eyes. "Has any thing happened while I have been sleeping?" she asked hastily, and in a very low tone.

"No, no, my love, nothing at all," said Mamma tenderly, "only we thought you must be tired."



"Both you and Agnes were as late as me,—why were not you tired?" said Marian, still with a little jealous fear. "Please, mamma, go away; I want to get dressed and come down stairs."

They left her to dress accordingly, but still with some anxiety and apprehension, and Mamma waited for Marian in her own room, while Agnes went down to the parlor—just in time, for, as she took her seat, Louis, flushed and impatient, burst in at the door.

Louis made a most hasty salutation, and was a great deal too eager and hurried to be very well bred. He looked round the room with sudden anxiety and disappointment. "Where is she?—I must see Marian," cried Louis. "What! you do not mean to say she is ill, after last night?"

"Not ill, but in her own room," said Agnes, somewhat confused by the question.

"I will wait as long as you please, if I must wait," said Louis impatiently; "but, Agnes! why should you be against me? Of course, I forget myself; do you grudge that I should? I forget every thing except last night; let me see Marian. I promise you I will not distress her, and if she bids me, I will go away."

"No, it is not that," said Agnes with hesitation; "but, Louis, nothing happened last night—pray do not think of it. Well, then," she said earnestly, as his hasty gesture denied what she said, "mamma begs you, Louis, not to say any thing to-day."

He turned round upon her with a blank but haughty look. "I understand—my disgrace must not come here," he said; "but *she* did not mind it; she, the purest lily upon earth! Ah? so that was a dream, was it? And her mother—her mother says I am to go away?"

"No, indeed—no," said Agnes, almost crying. "No, Louis, you know better; do not misunderstand us. She is so young, so gentle, and tender. Mamma only asked, for all our sakes, if you would consent not to say any thing *now*."

To this softened form of entreaty the eager young man paid not the slightest attention. He began to use the most unblushing cajolery to win over poor Agnes. It did not seem to be Louis, so entirely changed was his demeanor. It was only an extremely eager and persevering specimen of the genus "lover," without any personal individuality at all.

"What! not say any thing? Could anybody ask such a sacrifice?" cried this wilful and impetuous youth. "It might, as you say, be nothing at all, though it seems life—existence, to me. Not know whether that

hand is mine or another's—that hand which saved me, perhaps from murder?—for he is an old man, though he is a fiend incarnate, and I might have killed him where he stood."

"Louis! Louis!" cried Agnes, gazing at him in terror and excitement. He grew suddenly calm as he caught her eye.

"It is quite true," he said with a grave and solemn calmness. "This man, who has cursed my life, and made it miserable—this man, who dared insult me before *her* and you—do you think I could have been a man, and still have borne that intolerable crown of wrong?"

As he spoke, he began to pace the little parlor with impatient steps and a clouded brow. Mrs. Atheling, who had heard his voice, but had restrained her anxious curiosity as long as possible, now came down quietly, unable to keep back longer. Louis sprang to her side, took her hand, led her about the room, pleading, reasoning, persuading. Mamma, whose good heart from the first moment had been an entire and perfect traitor, was no match at all for Louis. She gave in to him unresistingly before half his entreaties were over; she did not make even half so good a stand as Agnes, who secretly was in the young lover's interest too. But when they had just come to the conclusion that he should be permitted to see Marian, Marian herself, whom no one expected, suddenly entered the room. The young beauty's pretty brow was lowering more than any one before had ever seen it lower; a petulant contraction was about her red lips, and a certain angry dignity, as of an offended child, in her bearing. "Surely something very strange has happened this morning," said Marian, with a little heat: "even Mamma looks as if she knew some wonderful secret. I suppose every one is to hear of it but me."

At this speech the dismayed conspirators against Marian's peace fell back and separated. The other impetuous principal in the matter hastened at once to the angry Titania, who only bowed, and did not even look at him. The truth was, that Marian, much abashed at thought of her own sudden impulse, was never in a mood less propitious; she felt as if she herself had not done quite right—as if somehow she had betrayed a secret of her own, and, now found out and detected, was obliged to use the readiest means to cover it up again; and, besides, the hasty little spirit, which had both pride and temper of its own, could not at all endure the idea of having been petted and excused this morning, as if "something had happened" last night.

Now that it was perfectly evident nothing had happened—now that Louis stood before her safe, handsome, and eager, Marian concluded that it was time for her to stand upon her defence.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—CLOUDS.

THE end of it all was, of course—though Louis had an amount of trouble in the matter which that impetuous young gentleman had not counted upon—that Marian yielded to his protestations, and came forth full of the sweetest agitation, tears, and blushes, to be taken to the kind breast of the mother who was scarcely less agitated, and to be regarded with a certain momentary awe, amusement, and sympathy by Agnes, whose visionary youthful reverence for this unknown magician was just tempered by the equally youthful imp of mischief which plays tricks upon the same. But Mrs. Atheling's brow grew sadder and sadder with anxiety, as she looked at the young man who now claimed to call her mother. What he was to do—how Marian could bear all the chances and changes of the necessarily long probation before them—what influence Lord Winterbourne might have upon the fortunes of his supposed son—what Papa himself would say to this sudden betrothal, and how he could reconcile himself to receive a child, and a disgraced child of his old enemy, into his own honorable house,—these considerations fluttered the heart and disturbed the peace of the anxious mother, who already began to blame herself heavily, yet did not see, after all, what else she could have done. A son of shame, and of Lord Winterbourne!—a young man hitherto dependent, with no training, no profession, no fortune, of no use in the world. And her prettiest Marian!—the sweet face which won homage everywhere, and which every other face involuntarily smiled to see. Darker and darker grew the cloud upon the brow of Mrs. Atheling; she went in, out of sight of these two happy young dreamers, with a sick heart. For the first time in her life she was dismayed at the thought of writing to her husband, and sat idly in a chair drawn back from her window, wearying herself out with most vain and unprofitable speculations as to things which might have been done to avert this fate.

No very long time elapsed, however, before Mrs. Atheling found something else to occupy her thoughts. Hannah came into the parlor, solemnly announcing a man at the door who desired to see her. With a natural presentiment, very naturally arising from the excited state of her own mind, Mrs. Atheling rose, and hastened to the door. The man was an attorney's clerk, threadbare and respectable, who gave into her hand an open paper, and after it a letter. The pa-

per, which she glanced over with hasty alarm, was a formal notice to quit, on pain of ejection, from the house called the Old Wood Lodge, the property of Reginald, Lord Winterbourne. "The property of Lord Winterbourne!—it is our—it is my husband's property. What does this mean?" cried Mrs. Atheling.

"I know nothing of the business, but Mr. Lewis' letter will explain it," said the messenger, who was civil, but not respectful; and the anxious mistress of the house hastened in with great apprehension and perplexity to open the letter and see what this explanation was. It was not a very satisfactory one. With a friendly spirit, yet with a most cautious and lawyer-like regard to the interest of his immediate client, Mr. Lewis, the same person who had been intrusted with the will of old Miss Bridget, and who was Lord Winterbourne's solicitor, announced the intention of his principal to "resume possession" of Miss Bridget's little house. "You will remember," wrote the lawyer, "that I did not fail to point out to you at the time the insecure nature of the tenure by which this little property was held. Granted, as I believe it was, as a gift simply for the lifetime of Miss Bridget Atheling, she had, in fact, no right to bequeath it to any one, and so much of her will as relates to this is null and void. I am informed that there are documents in existence proving this fact beyond the possibility of dispute, and that any resistance would be entirely vain. As a friend, I should advise you not to attempt it; the property is actually of very small value, and though I speak against the interest of my profession, I think it right to warn you against entering upon an expensive lawsuit with a man like Lord Winterbourne, to whom money is no consideration. For the sake of your family, I appeal to you whether it would not be better, though at a sacrifice of feeling, to give up without resistance the old house, which is of very little value to any one, if it were not for my lord's whim of having no small proprietors in his neighborhood. I should be sorry that he was made acquainted with this communication. I write to you merely from private feelings, as an old friend."

Mrs. Atheling rose from her seat hastily, holding the papers in her hand. "Resist him!" she exclaimed—"yes, certainly, to the very last;" but at that moment there came in at the half-open door a sound of

childish riot, exuberant and unrestrained, which arrested the mother's words, and subdued her like a spell. Bell and Beau, rather neglected and thrown into the shade for the first time in their lives, were indemnifying themselves in the kitchen, where they reigned over Hannah with the most absolute and unhesitating mastery. Mamma fell back again into her seat, silent, pale, and with pain and terror in her face. Was this the first beginning of the blight of the Evil Eye?

And then she remained thinking over it sadly and in silence; sometimes disposed to blame herself for her rashness—sometimes, with a natural rising of indignation, disposed to repeat again her first outcry, and resist this piece of oppression—sometimes starting with the sudden fright of an anxious and timid mother, and almost persuaded at once, without further parley, to flee to her own safe home, and give up, without a word, the new inheritance. But she was not leaped in the ways of the world, in law, or necessary ceremonial. Resist was a mere vague word to her, meaning she knew not what, and no step occurred to her in the matter but the general necessity for "consulting a lawyer," which was of itself an uncomfortable peril. As she argued with herself, indeed, Mrs. Atheling grew quite hopeless, and gave up the whole matter. She had known, through many changes, the success of this bad man, and in her simple mind had no confidence in the abstract power of the law to maintain the cause, however just, of William Atheling, who would have had ado to pay a lawyer's fees, against Lord Winterbourne.

Then she called in her daughters, whom Louis then only, and with much reluctance, consented to leave, and held a long and agitated council with them. The girls were completely dismayed by the news, and mightily impressed by that new and extraordinary "experience" of a real enemy, which captivated Agnes' wandering imagination almost as much as it oppressed her heart. As for Marian, she sat looking at them blankly, turning from Mamma to Agnes, and from Agnes to Mamma, with a vague perception that this was somehow because of Louis, and a very heavy heart-

breaking depression in her agitated thoughts. Marian, though she was not very imaginative, had caught a tinge of the universal romance at this crisis of her young life, and, cast down with the instant omen of misfortune, saw clouds and storms immediately rising through that golden future, of which Louis' prophecies had been so pleasant to hear.

And there could be no doubt that this suddenly formed engagement, hasty, imprudent, and ill advised, as it was, added a painful complication to the whole business. If it was known—and who could conceal from the gossip of the village the constant visits of Louis, or his undisguised devotion?—then it would set forth evidently in public opposition the supposed father and son. "But Lord Winterbourne is not his father!" cried Marian suddenly, with tears and vehemence. Mrs. Atheling shook her head, and said that people supposed so at least, and this would be a visible sign of war.

But no one in the family council could advise any thing in this troubled moment. Charlie was coming—that was a great relief and comfort. "If Charlie knows any thing, it should be the law," said Mrs. Atheling, with a sudden joy in the thought that Charlie had been full six months at it, and ought to be very well informed indeed upon the subject. And then Agnes brought her blotting-book, and the good mother sat down to write the most uncomfortable letter she had ever written to her husband in all these two-and-twenty years. There was Marian's betrothal, first of all, which was so very unlike to please him—he who did not even know Louis, and could form no idea of his personal gifts and compensations—and then there was the news of this summons, and of the active and powerful enemy suddenly started up against them. Mrs. Atheling took a very long time composing the letter, but sighed heavily to think how soon Papa would read it, to the destruction of all his pleasant fancies about his little home in the country, and his happy children. Charlie was coming—they had all a certain faith in Charlie, boy though he was; it was the only comfort in the whole prospect to the anxious eyes of Mamma.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE REV. LIONEL RIVERS.

THE next day, somewhat to the consternation of this disturbed and troubled family, they were honored by a most unlooked-for and solemn visit from the Rector. The Rector, in stature, form, and features, considerably resembled Miss Anastasia, and was, as she herself confessed, an undeniable Rivers, bearing all the family features and not a

little of the family temper. He seemed rather puzzled himself to give a satisfactory reason for his call—saying solemnly that he thought it right for the priest of the parish to be acquainted with all his parishioners—words which did not come with half so much unction or natural propriety from his curved and disdainful lip, as they would have done

from the bland voice of Mr. Mead. Then he asked some ordinary questions how they liked the neighborhood, addressing himself to Mamma, though his very grave and somewhat haughty looks were principally directed to Agnes. Mrs. Atheling, in spite of her dislike of the supreme altitude of his churchmanship, had a natural respect for the clergyman, who seemed the natural referee and adviser of people in trouble; and though he was a Rivers, and the next heir after Lord Winterbourne's only son, it by no means followed on that account that the Rector entertained any affectionate leaning towards Lord Winterbourne.

"I knew your old relative very well," said the Rector; "she was a woman of resolute will and decided opinions, though her firmness, I am afraid, was in the cause of error rather than of truth. I believe she always entertained a certain regard for me, connected as she was with the family, though I felt it my duty to warn her against her pernicious principles before her death."

"Her pernicious principles! Was poor Aunt Bridget an unbeliever?" cried Agnes, with an involuntary interest, and yet an equally involuntary and natural spirit of opposition to this stately young man.

"The word is a wide one. No—not an unbeliever, nor even a disbeliever, so far as I am aware," said the churchman, "but, even more dangerous than a positive error of doctrine, holding these fatal delusions concerning private opinion, which have been the bane of the Church."

There was a little pause after this, the unaccustomed audience being somewhat startled, yet quite unprepared for controversy, and standing besides in a little natural awe of the Rector, who ought to know so much better than they did. Agnes alone felt a stirring of unusual pugnacity—for once in her life she almost forgot her natural diffidence, and would have liked nothing better than to throw down her woman's glove to the rampant churchman, and make a rash and vehement onslaught upon him, after the use and wont of feminine controversy.

"My own conviction is," said the Rector with a little solemnity, yet with a dissatisfied and fiery gleam in his eager dark eyes, "that there is no medium between the infallible authority of the Church and the wildest turmoil of heresy. This one rock a man may plant his foot upon—all beyond is a boundless and infinite chaos. Therefore I count it less perilous to be ill-informed or indifferent concerning some portions of the creed, than to be shaken in the vital point of the Church's authority—the only flood-gate that can be closed against the boiling

tide of error, which, but for this safeguard, would overpower us all."

Having made this statement, which somehow he enunciated as if it were a solemn duty, Mr. Rivers left the subject abruptly, and returned to common things.

"You are acquainted, I understand," he said, with haste and a little emotion, "with my unfortunate young relatives at the Hall?"

The question was so abrupt and unlooked for, that all the three, even Mamma, who was not very much given to blushing, colored violently. "Louis and Rachel? Yes; we know them very well," said Mrs. Atheling, with as much composure as she could summon to meet the emergency—which certainly was not enough to prevent the young clergyman from discovering a rather unusual degree of interest in the good mother's answer. He looked surprised, and turned a hurried glance upon the girls, who were equally confused under his scrutiny. It was impossible to say which was the culprit, if culprit there was. Mr. Rivers, who was tall enough at first, visibly grew a little taller, and became still more stately in his demeanor than before.

"I am not given to gossip," he said, with a faint smile, "yet I had heard that they were much here, and had given their confidence to your family. I have not been so favored myself," he added, with a slight curl of disdain upon his handsome lip. "The youth I know nothing of, except that he has invariably repelled any friendship I could have shown him; but I feel a great interest in the young lady. Had my sister been in better health, we might have offered her an asylum, but that is impossible in our present circumstances. You are doubtless better acquainted with their prospects and intentions than I am. In case of the event which people begin to talk about, what does Lord Winterbourne intend they should do?"

"We have not heard of any event—what is it?" cried Mrs. Atheling, very anxiously.

"I have no better information than common report," said the Rector; "yet it is likely enough—and I see no reason to doubt; it is said that Lord Winterbourne is likely to marry again."

They all breathed more freely after this; and poor little Marian, who had been gazing at Mr. Rivers with a blanched face and wide open eyes, in terror of some calamity, drooped forward upon the table by which she was sitting, and hid her face in her hands with sudden relief. Was that all?

"I was afraid you were about to tell us of some misfortune," said Mrs. Atheling.

"Is is no misfortune, of course; nor do I suppose they are like to be very jealous of a



new claimant upon Lord Winterbourne's affections," said the Rector; "but it seems unlikely, under their peculiar and most unhappy circumstances, that they can remain at the Hall."

"O, mamma!" exclaimed Marian, in a half whisper, "he will be so very, very glad to go away!"

"What I mean," resumed Mr. Rivers, who by no means lost this, though he took no immediate notice of it—"what I wish is, that you would kindly undertake to let them know my very sincere wish to be of service to them. I cannot at all approve of the demeanor of the young man—yet there may be excuses for him. If I can assist them in any legitimate way, I beg you to assure them my best endeavors are at their service."

"Thank you, sir, thank you—thank you!" cried Mrs. Atheling, faltering, and much moved. "God knows they have need of friends!"

"I suppose so," said the Rector; "it does not often happen—friends are woeful delusions in most cases—and indeed I have little hope of any man who does not stand alone."

"Yet you offer service," said Agnes, unable quite to control her inclination to dispute his dogmatism: "is not your opinion a contradiction to your kindness?"

"I hold no opinions," said the Rector haughtily, with, for the instant, a superb absurdity almost equal to Mr. Endicott: he perceived it himself, however, immediately, reddened, flashed his fiery eyes with a half-defiance upon his young questioner, and made an incomprehensible explanation.

"I am as little fortified against self-contradiction as my fellows," said Mr. Rivers, "but I eschew vague opinions; they are dangerous for all men, and doubly dangerous in a clergyman. I may be wrong in matters of feeling; opinions I have nothing to do with—they are not in my way."

Again there followed a pause, for no one present was at all acquainted with sentiments like these.

"I am not sure whether we will continue long here," said Mrs. Atheling, with a slight hesitation, half afraid of him, yet feeling, in spite of herself, that she could consult no one so suitably as the Rector. "Lord Winterbourne is trying to put us away; he says the house was only given to old Miss Bridget for her life!"

"Ah! but that is false, is it not?" said the Rector without any ceremony.

Mrs. Atheling brightened at once. "We think so," she said, encouraged by the perfectly cool tone of this remark, which proved a false statement on the part of my

lord, no wonder at all to his reverend relative; "but, indeed, the lawyer advises us not to contest the matter, since Lord Winterbourne does not care for expense, and we are not rich. I do not know what my husband will say; but I am sure I will have a great grudge at the law if we are forced, against justice, to leave the Old Wood Lodge."

"Papa says it was once the property of the family, long, long before Aunt Bridget got it from Lord Winterbourne," said Agnes, with a little eagerness. This shadow of ancestry was rather agreeable to the imagination of Agnes.

"And have you done any thing—are you doing any thing?" said the Rector. "I should be glad to send my own man of business to you; certainly you ought not to give up your property without at least a legal opinion upon the matter."

"We expect my son to-morrow," said Mrs. Atheling, with a little pride. "My son, though he is very young, has a great deal of judgment; and then he has been—brought up to the law."

The Rector bowed gravely as he rose. "In that case, I can only offer my good wishes," said the churchman, "and trust that we may long continue neighbors, in spite of Lord Winterbourne. My sister would have been delighted to call upon you had she been able, but she is quite a confirmed invalid. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. Good morning, madam; good morning, Miss Atheling. I am extremely glad to have met with you."

The smallest shade of emphasis in the world invested with a different character than usual these clergymanly and parochial words: for the double expression of satisfaction was addressed to Agnes; it was to her pointedly that his stately but reverential bow bore reference. He had come to see the family; but he was glad to know Agnes, the intelligent listener who followed his sermons—the eager bright young eyes which flashed warfare and defiance on his solemn deliverances—and, unawares to herself, saw through the pretences of his disturbed and troubled spirit. Lionel Rivers was not very sensitively alive to the beautiful: he saw little to attract his eye, much less his heart, in that pretty, drooping Marian, who was to every other observer the sweetest little downcast princess who ever gained the magic succors of a fairy tale. The Rector scarcely turned a passing glance upon her, as she sat in her tender beauty by the table, leaning her beautiful head upon her hands. But with a different kind of observation from that of Mr. Agar, he read the bright and constant comment on what he said himself, and what others said,

that ran and sparkled in the face of Agnes. She, who never had any lovers, had attracted one at least to watch her looks and her movements with a jealous eye. He was not "in love,"—not the smallest hair-breadth in the world. In his present mood, he would gladly have seen her form an order of sisters, benevolent votareesses of St. Frideswide, or of some unknown goddess of the mediæval world, build an antique house in the

"pointed" style, and live a female bishop ruling over the inferior parish, and being ruled over by the clergy. Such a colleague the Rector fancied would be highly "useful," and he had never seen any one whom he could elect to the office with so much satisfaction as Agnes Atheling. How far she would have felt herself complimented by this idea was entirely a different question, and one of which the Rector never thought.

CORRUPT ENGLISH.—I draw your attention to the use of undoubted English words in an unwarranted sense. Of this perversion I proceed to give a few examples. 1. It is hardly necessary to allude to the strange laxity of meaning, almost equal to that of the French *jolie*, with which, though more in talking than in writing, the word *nice* is used. To restrain this laxity, and, if possible, to prevent it from spreading to serious writing, it is necessary to remember that the sole meaning of *nice* is fastidious, or of delicate taste, as a *nice man*, or something requiring such delicacy to be perceived, as a *nice distinction*. 2. It is an error not uncommon to use *hung*, to signify put to death as our criminals are. Now the verb to *hang*, when used in this sense, has its past participle *hanged*, never *hung*. "The man was hung" means no more than that he was suspended, not necessarily by the neck or to death. "He was hanged" is the right phrase for his suffering the last punishment. The sentence is, "to be hanged," not to be hung. 3. *Infamous* is sometimes perversely used to signify *very bad*, in place of *very bad fame*, which is its only true meaning. Conduct or treatment is often described as infamous, while; though it may have deserved to be infamous, yet it was not, being little known or even secret. However bad, it must acquire bad repute to become infamous. 4. The abuse of the word *party* is a great scandal of our common speech and writing. It most disallowably supplants the simpler word *person*. It is idiomatic indeed to speak of the party to a suit or to an agreement; but it should never be forgotten that, otherwise, *party* means a combination of persons, and that where there is no such combination meant, its use is vulgar. 5. The word *such* is sometimes used with a vicious latitude of meaning, as if it were a substantive or a pronoun. It is an adjective, and, besides, does not indicate any abstract quality, and therefore cannot be used without a substantive either expressed or clearly understood. It means of *this or that kind, like something else*; in short is the equivalent of the Latin *talis*, and can have no greater latitude of use. Indeed it must have less, from its want of gender. I inclose a strange example of the abuse of this word, an advertisement appended by Mr. C. Knight to the last number of "Little Dorrit." He makes "such work" do duty for "the former work"—not

at all meaning work like that to which he refers, but the very same, *it*, which therefore he absurdly terms *such*. 6. I must reckon it simply an abuse of language to apply the title *Lord*, enjoyed by the younger sons of dukes and marquesses, to their surnames. It applies, as strictly as the title *Sir* of a baronet, to the Christian name. If for brevity one name be suppressed, it must be the surname, not the Christian. It may be thought needless to notice so gross an error, but to justify my so doing I must remark that Mr. Dickens, when describing one of his characters, Lord Alfred Verisopht, perpetually calls him Lord Verisopht, instead of Lord Alfred.—K.—*Athenæum*.

"I WILL conclude this letter," wrote Malcolm, "by relating an anecdote connected with this projected edifice (the Residency at Hyderabad) that will satisfy you the Princes of the East do not lose much of their valuable time in the study of geography. Major Kirkpatrick, the Resident at this Court, wished to obtain a grant of two or three fields to erect this structure upon. He requested the engineer of the English force stationed at Hyderabad to make an exact survey of the spot, and when this was finished upon a large sheet, he carried it to the Durbar, and, showing it to the Nizam, requested he would give the English government a grant of the ground. The Prince, after gravely examining the survey, said he was sorry he could not comply with the request. When the Resident was retiring, not a little disconcerted at the refusal of a favor which he deemed so trifling, Meer Allum (the minister) said to him with a smile, 'Do not be annoyed. You frightened the Nizam with the size of the plan you showed him. Your fields were almost as large as any of the maps of his kingdom he had yet seen. No wonder,' said the Meer, laughing, 'he did not like to make such a cession. Make a survey upon a reduced scale, and the difficulty will vanish.' The Resident could hardly believe this would be the case. But when, at his next interview, he presented the same plan upon a small card, the ready and cheerful assent of the Prince satisfied him that the Meer had been quite correct in his guess at the cause of his former failure."—*Life of Sir John Malcolm*.

From The Philadelphia Ledger.

# MODERN SCHEMES OF POLITICAL ANNEXATION.

THE eternal law of right and the most subtle and sagacious policy are always at last found to unite in one line of the greatest possible simplicity. This is true in private life, and it is not less true in regard to all questions of public policy. The great difference between taking one and the other principle as a rule of life, is simply this, that no man who is governed by policy alone can possibly know that he is pursuing the most sagacious course, since he can never be sure that he sees all the bearings of any line of conduct he may adopt. But the cases are comparatively rare when the quick and immediate instinct of what is right, will not at once suggest to those who are habitually governed by it, the true line of duty and therefore of policy. Indeed, there is this singular contrast between the two methods of discovering the wisest course of action, that whereas the sagacious course can only be known in any case by protracted reflection, the course of rectitude is best determined by consulting the instinctive feeling, the intuition of duty without too much reasoning and reflection. A man's *first* impulses on all questions of honor and of moral obligation are generally the best. There is hardly any thing which a man cannot reason himself into as right, proper, and honorable, if he once stop to argue, and there is hardly a deviation from the path of rectitude so slight, but what at the first wrong step the moral sense will give some intimation to the man who is willing to consult and to be guided by it. Nothing then is more clear in theory than that the man, the politician, and the government, who always act upon settled principles rather than policy, giving supremacy to the *right*, will eventually act best for themselves, although they will continually seem to be sacrificing opportunity of promoting their own interests.

Let this principle be applied to modern schemes of political annexation. We might be able to justify many plans for extending the area of the United States, by annexing the territory now lying barren, or in that worst of all desolation, civil discord, and lying contiguously. But the moral sense instinctively suggests that without the consent of the annexed, it is all usurpation, and with-

out that of the government already established, it is public robbery and spoliation.

We do not of course mean here to assert that annexation is *always* unjust. Where for instance a debt is due from one nation to another, that cannot or will not be paid in any other way, it may be right to seize their public domain! But what debts in India could have justified the seizure of all the public domains and revenues that have been sequestered by the English East India Company within the last hundred, or even the last ten years? Half of Burmah and the whole of Oude are not trifles, while the operations now in progress in the Persian gulf promise much more fruit of the same kind. A free country like the Sandwich Islands may offer to become annexed for the sake of the protection and the commerce of wealthy and powerful nations like the United States, yet the policy of accepting such an offer remains to be considered. But it is a very different matter when a few penniless adventurers go into a foreign State, not for the real purpose of an honest settlement, but of raising a dust, seizing the government, and annexing it to some other country, that one in fact with which they can make the best bargain for themselves.

One of the chief mischiefs of all these schemes is, that honest overtures of annexation are thus covered with an unjust suspicion and infamy. There can be little doubt that had no wrong measures ever been used to bring about annexation of territories, *very far* more countries might have been honestly and very properly added to the national domain. Instead of all this, the dragon's teeth of enmity have been sown all around us by a few artful filibusters, until the most honest and proper and natural extensions of our institutions come to be, not only watched with anxiety by foreign nations, but looked upon with suspicion by our own best citizens.

There is one method of annexation, however, which is not only honest in the sight of all, but beneficial to all; we mean the *commercial annexation of free trade*. Adam Smith demonstrated, years ago, that this was and must be the most sagacious as well as the most simple and natural method of advancing the interests of the world. Since then, the wonderfully analytic mind of Dr. Wayland has enabled him to put the same great truths

in a more compact, clear, and comprehensive form, and this American work on political economy inculcates principles that will never be eradicated from the mind of a student who has once successfully mastered them.

By free commercial intercourse with any nation we obtain all the advantages without any of the difficulties and dangers to the Union which all political schemes of annexation must entail. We secure a free market for our productions, and we are enabled to procure such things of theirs as we desire at cost. What more can any one wish or wishing obtain honestly? All beyond this is only so much temptation to our citizens to leave our own uncleared forests and uncultivated prairies for other soil. This must operate injuriously upon every property-holder in America, whose interest it is to induce every citizen to stay at home and fill up the boundless

wastes of our own territory yet to be subdued. It is urged that political annexation extends our political power. But in fact it weakens it immensely, for it annexes all the ignorance and corruption and secret hostility to our institutions indigenous to foreign soils, and clothes them with an equal share of the governing power. Those who voluntarily come to our shores because they love our institutions and seek our liberties we should encourage in every way and admit to all just rights. Their value in a country like this has been and is incalculable. But to enfranchise all the mixed breeds of foreign lands by wholesale, is the direct way to weaken and to destroy our institutions. Nor can it even extend our power over their territories, except by entrenching upon that great fundamental principle which underlies our constitution, *local self-government*.

"From Compouly," wrote John Malcolm to Lady Clive, "I marched to Panwell, a distance of twenty-four miles. When I had proceeded two or three miles I came up with a small guard of armed men belonging to the Poonah Government, who were carrying a young man, with his hands bound, along the road. I asked them who the prisoner was, and where they were going. The commander of the guard said that they were going about a mile farther, to a spot where a robbery and murder had recently been committed. 'And when there,' he added, 'I shall cut this man's head off.'—'Is he the murderer?' I asked. 'No,' said the man, 'nor does he, I believe, know any thing about it. But he belongs to the country of the Siddee' (pointing to a province in the vicinity which is still held by the descendants of the former admirals of the Mogul Emperor), 'from which the murderers, we well know, came; and we have orders, whenever an occurrence of this nature happens, to proceed into that country and to seize and put to death the first male, who has arrived at the years of maturity, that we meet. This youth,' he concluded, 'was taken yesterday, and must suffer to-day.' On my expressing my astonishment and horror at a proceeding in which the innocent was doomed to suffer for the guilty, he said that that was not his business; he only obeyed orders. 'But,' he continued, 'I believe it is a very good plan. First, because it was adopted by Nannh Furnavese, who was a wise man; and secondly, because I am old enough to recollect when no year ever passed without twenty or thirty murders and robberies on this road; and all by gangs from the Siddee's country. Now they are quite rare; not above four or five within these twelve or fifteen years, which is the period this custom has been established.' As we were conversing we reached the spot fixed for the execution. The

guards halted and began to smoke their *hubble-bubbles*, or pipes. The prisoner's hands were untied, and he took a pipe along with them, with much apparent unconcern. Indeed, his whole conduct marked indifference to his fate. After he had smoked, his hands were tied behind his back as before; he was taken a few yards from the road, and desired to kneel. The executioner, who stood beside him, grasping a straight two-edged sword with both hands, called out to him, 'Bend your head.' The man did as desired, and by a most dexterous blow it was severed from his body. The trunk sprung upright, and fell backwards. A rope was then tied round the heels of the dead body, and it was hung up, on a low tree, for the terror of others. After this was done, the guard sat down, smoked another hubble-bubble, and then returned to the ghaut."—*Life of Sir J. Malcolm*.

**FRANCO-AMERICANS.**—A French paper has just been issued at Kankakee, Illinois, which starts with a list of twelve hundred subscribers. From this, it seems that the French element of the population of Illinois maintains its distinctive character and language with the same tenacity as the French of Louisiana and the Germans of Pennsylvania. It is a remarkable feature of our national progress, that the prodigious power of assimilation which is so strongly possessed by this republic, measurably fails with the colonies originally settled by the French. To this day, the French part of New Orleans remains as distinct from the American part as it can possibly be. The society there is exclusive; the customs peculiar. They have their own theatre, cafés, shops, etc., and several of the newspapers are published half in French. The French settlers of Illinois and Missouri seem in the same way to maintain their original language and customs.—*North American*.



From The Athenæum.

*History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth.*

By William Robertson, D. D. *With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication.* By W. H. Prescott. 2 vols. Routledge & Co.

ROBERTSON was unquestionably least in the trinity of historians—Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson—who flourished together. He possessed less learning, less color, less dramatic force than the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—less strength and less philosophy than the author of our only "History of England." Yet his merits were considerable. He had industry, zeal, patience, and integrity,—much moderation of spirit—"I look upon you as a *very moderate Whig*," said the wicked Walpole),—and a cold, clear, readable style. Towards the end of a century from the first appearance of his historical writings in print, it is something to say they are not yet wholly superseded.

Of the three works on which Robertson built his fame—"The History of Scotland," "The History of Charles the Fifth," and "The History of America"—the second has the fewest faults and the greatest inherent vitality. Laing and Tytler have dispossessed Robertson of the glory of being considered the historian of his own country; as other and more industrious writers may by-and-by dispossess Laing and Tytler. Southey and Prescott make us very willing to forget "The History of America," which Burke praised so magnificently and so undeservedly in his day. But the story of Charles the Fifth, as told by Robertson—"composed," said David Hume, "with nobleness, with dignity, with elegance, and with judgment to which there are few equals"—is still read with pleasure, in spite of unsparing German and French criticism on its demerits; and it has now received from Mr. Prescott, the highest living authority on such a subject, a compliment more practical than that of Hume, and which secures to it another century of life.

The story of Charles after his abdication, so tamely hinted by Robertson, has been often told in recent times,—most notably by Mr. Stirling in his "Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth,"—by M. Amédée Pichot in his "Chronique de Charles Quint,"—by M. Mignet in his "Charles Quint: son Abdication, son Séjour, et sa Mort au Monastère de

Yuste,"—and by M. Gachard in his "Re-traite et Mort de Charles Quint." Mr. Prescott has had the advantage of using all these writers for the four books of history which he has added to Robertson's work. But his supplement is not a mere condensation of ampler details supplied by others: on the contrary, it is original in form, purpose, and (to some extent) material. Mr. Prescott uses without abusing the rights of a later writer. For example, Mr. Stirling's "Cloister Life" is a piece of private romance, which grew out of a sentimental passion, born of a visit to Yuste,—and the charm of which lies in its being unlike any biography or any history, and the interest of which no regular narrative, however true and bright, can wholly take away. Mr. Prescott, on the other side, while gracefully yielding all the merits of the work, parts from it as not sufficiently historical, and justifies the parting. In "Cloister Life" we have beside us the monk of Yuste, "Brother Charles," the reader and translator, the clock-maker, the gardener, the penitent, and the glutton. Mr. Prescott shows us that this was only part of the rôle of this extraordinary actor; and while he leaves the reader to enjoy the delicious scenes and humorous pictures drawn by the English artist, he shows us this translator of bad verses writing state dispatches of the utmost moment,—this admirer of clock-work directing sieges and campaigns,—this gluttonous eater of game and fish controlling the finances of half Europe, feeding armies that would otherwise have starved, devouring news with the avidity of youth, receiving messengers from foreign princes, and issuing decrees in right regal style. In Mr. Stirling's volume Yuste is a by-path of history, in Mr. Prescott's it is the highway.

In conformity with his idea that the retreat at Yuste was properly a part of the history of Europe in the sixteenth century, Mr. Prescott takes up his hero in Flanders and describes the ceremony of his abdication. From Flanders he sailed to Spain.—

"The Emperor's cabin, which was on the upper deck, consisted of two large apartments, and two smaller rooms or cabinets. It was furnished with eight windows, which commanded views in every direction. The wood work was curiously carved, and hung with green drapery. The bed, as well as some of the heavier arm-chairs, was suspended by ropes from the ceiling, that the

Emperor's gouty limbs might be as little incommoded as possible by the motion of the vessel. On the same deck accommodations were provided for some of his principal attendants; while below, ample space was allotted to the royal kitchen, and to the larder, which was bountifully supplied with stores for the voyage."

The larder, wherever Charles travelled, was the chief care of his household; for this prince, who ruled with iron sway over one half of Europe, was perhaps the greatest glutton in his dominions. Indeed, mean as it may sound in romantic ears, the Cæsars have commonly been fearful eaters. Not to fall back on Suetonius and the Twelve, Louis the Fourteenth and Frederick the Great are as conspicuous examples of blended gluttony and greatness as Charles the Fifth. Napoleon was also a great eater. Mr. Prescott tells an illustrative anecdote of this imperial weakness in Charles.—

"A Venetian envoy at his court, in the latter part of Charles' reign, tells us that, before rising in the morning, potted capon was usually served to him, prepared with sugar, milk, and spices, after which he would turn to sleep again. At noon he dined on a variety of dishes. Soon after vespers he took another meal, and later in the evening supped heartily on anchovies, or some other gross and savory food, of which he was particularly fond. The invention of his cooks was sorely puzzled how to devise rich and high-seasoned dishes to suit his palate; and his *maitre d'hôtel*, much perplexed, told his discontented master one day, knowing his passion for time-pieces, that 'he really did not know what he could do, unless it were to serve up his majesty a fricassee of watches.' The reply had the effect of provoking a hearty laugh from the Emperor,—a circumstance of rare occurrence in the latter days of his reign."

When the larder had been filled and the household got on board, the winds blew contrary for some days. At last the fleet got under way, and an opportunity occurs for a pictorial passage.—

"It was on the 7th of September, 1517, thirty-nine years before this, that Charles had quitted these same shores on a visit to Spain, whither he was going to receive the rich inheritance which had descended to him from his grand-parents, Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. He was then in the morning of life, just entering on a career as splendid as ever opened to young ambition.

How different must have been the reflections which now crowded on his mind, as with wasted health, and spirits sorely depressed, he embarked on the same voyage! He had run the race of glory, had won the prize, and found that all was vanity. He was now returning to the goal whence he had started, anxious only to reach some quiet spot where he might lay down his weary limbs and be at rest."

As a rule Mr. Prescott sets his face against these "points," as an actor would call them. He robs us, by authority of his knowledge, of many a picturesque legend, such as the monks loved to invent and the painters to work in colors. He will insist on proofs. He will believe nothing on trust, however pleasant. Of course we find no fault with a writer for his severe rejection of evidence. But occasionally he may go too far. Thus, when Charles landed,—

"Scarcely had he set foot on shore when the wind freshened into a tempest, which scattered his little navy, compelling the ship bearing the queens to take refuge in the neighboring port of Santander, and doing much damage to some merchant-vessels off the coast, one of which, with its crew on board, went to the bottom. This disaster is so far embellished by the chroniclers of the time, that, giving a touch of the marvellous to the account, they represent the lost ship to have been the Emperor's, and that it went down as soon as he had left it. If this were so, it would be still more marvellous that no allusion to the circumstance should be found in any of the letters—of which we have several—from members of Charles' household while at Laredo. As little do we find mention made of another extraordinary circumstance reported by the historians, who tell us that the Emperor, on landing, prostrated himself on the earth, exclaiming, 'O thou common mother of mankind, naked came I from thy bosom, and naked I return to it.' The incident, however edifying in the moral it may convey, has no better foundation than the invention of writers who, far removed from the scene of action, and ignorant of what really took place there, were willing, by the exhibition of startling contrasts, to stimulate the imagination of their readers."

Probably Mr. Prescott is right. The going down of the ship the moment Charles was safe is a dramatic incident naturally dear to the monkish imagination, and very like the daily experience of life in romances and in theatres. The prostration of the monarch is

more natural and characteristic, and although it is unmentioned in the letters from the spot, may nevertheless have been true. How many facts escape notice in letters! The most voluminous writers of letters must omit nine-tenths of their story. Walpole has not exhausted the scandal of his time. Every visitor at a foreign capital will tell you stories never chronicled by "our own Correspondent." And if Charles did not throw himself on the ground and exclaim "O thou," &c., we can only say that he ought to have done so. Another favorite anecdote is brushed away with as little remorse.—

"Charles had a passion for timepieces, though one might have thought that he would have cared little for the precise measurement of the hours as they glided away in the monotonous routine of the monastery. The difficulty which he found in adjusting his clocks and watches is said to have drawn from the monarch a philosophical reflection on the absurdity of his having attempted to bring men to any thing like uniformity of belief in matters of faith, when he could not make any two of his timepieces agree with each other. But that he never reached the degree of philosophy required for such a reflection, is abundantly shown by more than one sentiment that fell from his pen, as well as his lips, during his residence at Yuste."

Against this easy way of obliterating the "moral" of Charles's cloister life many persons will protest. The watch story is a very pretty story, and if it be no more than an invention, it displays at least an excellent genius in the man who made it. If Charles did not draw such a reflection from his failure to make his clocks keep time, we repeat—he ought to have done so.

When Charles arrives at Yuste we have a picture of the place, brightly and softly tinted: the landscape warm and southern.—

"The rooms lay open to the sun, and looked pleasantly down upon the garden. Here the vines, clambering up the walls, hung their colored tassels around the casements, and the white blossoms of the orange-trees, as they were shaken by the breeze, filled the apartment with delicious odors. From the windows the eye of the monarch ranged over a magnificent prospect. Far above rose the bold peaks of the sierra, dark with its forests of chestnut and oak, while, below, for many a league, was spread out the luxuriant savanna, like a sea of verdure, its gay colors contrasting with the

savage character of the scenery that surrounded it. Charles, who had an eye for the beautiful in nature as well as in art, loved to gaze upon this landscape; and in the afternoon he would frequently take his seat in the western gallery, when warm with the rays of the declining sun, as it was sinking in glory behind the mountains."

We have also a glance at the household, full of interest and picture. The chief of the Imperial household was Quixada—a fine specimen of the major-domo of the sixteenth century—proud, honest, clear-sighted, faithful, and fertile in resources.—

"Charles intrusted to his care his illegitimate son, Don John of Austria, the famous hero of Lepanto, when a child of three years of age, at the same time confiding to Quixada the secret of his birth. The major-domo was married to Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, a lady of illustrious lineage, which she graced by virtues so rare as to be commemorated in a special biography, that has expanded into a respectable quarto under the hands of one of her countrymen. Doña Magdalena took the boy to her home and her heart, supposing him the fruit of some early amour of her lord's, previous to his marriage. Quixada did not think proper to undeceive the kind-hearted lady, and faithfully kept the perilous secret, which he may have thought was the Emperor's secret rather than his own. Under her maternal care the young hero, who always regarded his foster-mother with grateful affection, was carefully trained in those accomplishments which fitted him for the brilliant career on which he was afterwards to enter."

Among the visitors who came to Yuste the most conspicuous perhaps for character was the celebrated warrior, writer, and monk, Francisco de Borja, formerly Duke of Gandia, afterwards General of the Order of Jesus,—a man whose story closely resembled in its main lines the story of Charles himself. Mr. Prescott says:

"Born in the highest rank of the Spanish aristocracy, he had early shown himself to be possessed of those refined and elegant accomplishments which in a rough age are less frequently to be found than the talents of the soldier or the statesman. But these talents also he possessed in an eminent degree. Charles, quick to discern merit in the meanest of his subjects, was not likely to be blind to it in one whose birth placed him in so conspicuous a position; and he testified his confidence in Borja by raising him to offices of the highest trust and consideration.

But although the latter fully justified his sovereign's favor by the ability with which he filled these offices, his heart was not in his business. An intense devotional feeling had taken possession of his soul. He became weary of the world and its vanities, and he proposed to abjure them, and to dedicate the remainder of his life to the great work of his salvation. With his master's consent, at the age of thirty-seven, he resigned his ducal title and his large possessions to his eldest son, and entered the Society of Jesus, which, then in its infancy, had given slender augury of the magnificent fortunes that awaited it. Here the austerity of his life, the generous sacrifice he had made of worldly honors, and the indefatigable zeal which he displayed in carrying out the objects of the institution, gained him a reputation for sanctity that fell little short of that of Ignatius Loyola himself, the founder of the Jesuits. In time he became general of the order, being the third who filled that post; and there was probably no one of its members who did more to establish the reputation of the society, or to open the way to that pre-eminence which it afterwards enjoyed among the religious communities of Christendom.<sup>51</sup>

Charles never rose into the spiritual fervor of his old companion. The Jesuit was spare of food, but Charles ate and drank more copiously as his body swelled and spotted with disease.—

"It must have been no easy matter for the secretary to preserve his gravity in the perusal of dispatches in which politics and gastronomy were so strangely mixed together. The courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to make a *détour*, so as to take Jarandilla in his route, and bring supplies for the royal table. On Thursdays he was to bring fish to serve for the *jour maigre* that was to follow. The trout in the neighborhood Charles thought too small; so others, of a larger size, were to be sent from Valladolid. Fish of every kind was to his taste, as, indeed, was any thing that in its nature or habits at all approached to fish. Eels, frogs, oysters, occupied an important place in the royal bill of fare. Potted fish, especially anchovies, found great favor with him; and he regretted that he had not brought a better supply of these from the Low Countries. On an eel-pasty he particularly doted. Good supplies of these savory abominations were furnished, from time to time, from the capital, by his daughter, who thus made amends for the remissness which, according to Gaztelu, she had shown in supplying the Emperor's table on his journey through the country. Soles,

lampreys, flounders, came in great quantities from Seville and Portugal. The country round Jarandilla furnished *pièces de résistance*, in the form of pork and mutton, for the Emperor's table. Game, also, was to be had in abundance. He had a lively recollection, however, of some partridges, from a place belonging to the Count of Ossorno, formerly sent to him in Flanders. The major-domo ordered some to be procured from the same quarter now. But Charles remarked 'they did not taste now as they had formerly tasted.' The olives of Estremadura were too large and coarse for his liking. Repeated directions were given to procure a supply from Perejon, the trader who had furnished some of a smaller and more delicate kind, and to obtain from him, if possible, the receipt for pickling them. One might have thought that the land of pork, in which, as we have seen, Charles was living, would be that of sausages; but he had not forgotten those which his mother, 'now in glory,' was in the habit of having made for herself in Tordesillas. There the Secretary of State was directed to apply for some. In case he failed in that quarter, he could easily obtain a receipt for making them from the kitchen of the Marquis of Denia. Unfortunately, as the major-domo laments, the sausages did not reach Jarandilla till Thursday night; and, as they could not by any construction come into the category of fish, the Emperor was obliged to defer his addresses to them for four-and-twenty hours at least; possibly much longer, as the next letter records a sharp attack of gout."

Such was the hero behind the scenes! But, as Mr. Prescott conclusively shows, Charles's gluttony scarcely interrupted his attention to politics. His eye seemed to be everywhere,—in Africa, in Germany, in Flanders, as well as in Italy and Spain.—

"Spain was at that time engaged in a war with Paul the Fourth, a pontiff who, emulating the belligerent spirit of Julius the Second, converted his crosier into a sword, and vowed to drive the barbarians out of Italy. Charles listened with the deepest interest to the accounts furnished him from time to time of the war, and of the victorious career of the Duke of Alva. When Gaztelu had finished reading, he would ask, 'Is there nothing more?' But when he heard of the truce made by the Spanish commander at the very time when the fate of Rome seemed to hang upon his sword, Charles' indignation knew no bounds. He would not so much as listen to the terms of the treaty, as his secretary tells us. 'It was only giving time to the French,' he said, 'to



unite their forces with those of the Pope ; muttering other things between his teeth, not easy to be understood. He delivered his mind freely on the subject, in his letters both to Philip and Joanna. When the French war soon after broke out, he wrote in the most pressing manner to his daughter, urging the necessity of placing the frontiers, especially Navarre, in the best state of defence. He admonished her to strengthen the fleet on the coasts, to pay off the debt due to the German bankers, that the credit of the country, so important at such a crisis, might be maintained, and to provide for the security of the African possessions,—for that of Oran in particular, which, with a prophetic eye, he pointed out as a probable place of attack ; ‘ and were this to be lost,’ he added, ‘ I should desire not to be in Spain, nor the Indies, nor anywhere on earth where tidings of an event so disastrous to the king and to the monarchy could ever reach me.’ ”

When affairs went wrong in Flanders Charles allowed it to be whispered in the enemy’s camps that the Emperor meant to resume his command of the army,—and the mere threat weighed on the councils of France like a reinforcement. But his experience was chiefly of use in raising money, which he raised with his characteristic energy.—

“The Emperor (faithful to his engagements) caused letters to be written—occasionally, when his fingers were in condition for it, writing with his own hand—to his daughter the Regent, and to her secretary, Vasquez. In these he indicated the places to be defended, the troops to be raised, and the best mode of providing the funds. He especially recommended a benevolence from the clergy, and made application himself to some of the great dignitaries of the church. By these means considerable sums were raised, and remittances, under his vigorous direction, were forthwith made to the Duke of Alva, who was thus enabled to prosecute the Italian campaign with vigor.”

Charles, however much he loved to dash into his son’s councils, enjoyed his life at Yuste too well to dream of leaving his retreat for the vexation of dominion. Eating, reading, gardening, his time passed easily ; though leisure and religious rites never softened the ferocity of his disposition. His life had been passed in wars against the reformed religion ; and treaties had bound him to respect the rights of men he could not conquer or convert. Yet he never forgave the Reformers and the mere word “Reformation”

drove him into fits of rage. When he heard a whisper in his retreat that the doctrines of Luther had crowned the Pyrenees, and that heretics had appeared in the streets of Valladolid, he set the bloodhounds of the Holy Office to hunt them down and tear them to pieces.—

“On the 3rd of May, he wrote to his daughter Joanna : ‘ Tell the grand inquisitor and his councils from me, to be at their posts, and to lay the axe at the root of the evil before it spreads further. I rely on your zeal for bringing the guilty to trial, and for having them punished, without favor to any one, with all the severity that their crimes demand.’ In another letter, written three weeks later, he says : ‘ If I had not entire confidence that you would do your duty, and arrest the evil at once, by chastising the guilty in good earnest, I know not how I could help leaving the monastery and taking the remedy into my own hands.’ He expressed a doubt whether it would not be well, in so black an affair, to dispense with the ordinary course of justice, and to show no mercy ; ‘ lest the criminal, if pardoned, should have the opportunity of repeating his crime.’ He recommended, as an example, his own mode of proceeding in the Netherlands, ‘ where all who remained obstinate in their errors were burned alive, and those who were admitted to penitence were beheaded.’ ”

We gladly turn from this picture of a frantic old man—one foot already in the grave—shouting for the rack and the faggot. Charles loved art and artists ; and, happily for his fame, he had taste enough to comprehend and employ the genius of Titian. The gallery at Yuste contained few pictures, but these few were precious.—

“The gems of the collection were eight paintings from the pencil of Titian. Charles was a true lover of art, and, for a crowned head, no contemptible connoisseur. He fully appreciated the merits of the great Venetian, had him often near his person at the court, and at all times delighted to do homage to his genius. There is a story that, on one occasion, the monarch picked up a pencil which Titian had dropped while painting, and restored it to him, saying that ‘ so great an artist should be served by an emperor.’ This is too like some well-attested anecdotes of Charles to be rejected as altogether improbable. However this may be, he showed his estimation of the artist by conferring on him the honor of knighthood, and by assigning him a yearly pension on the revenues of Naples, of two hundred gold crowns. He may be thought to have done

some violence to his nature, moreover, by never paying him a less sum than eight hundred crowns for each of his portraits. There were several of himself at Yuste, from the hand of Titian; one a full-length, representing the emperor in complete mail. He was painted many times by the Venetian artist; for it was by his pencil that he desired his likeness should be transmitted to posterity. He had his wish. Some of these portraits are among the best productions of Italian art; and the emperor lives immortal on the canvas of Titian, no less than in the pages of history. There are several pictures also of the empress by the same master; and others of Philip and the different members of the royal family. But the most remarkable in the collection, and one that Charles had caused to be painted a few years before, that he might take it with him to his retreat, was the celebrated 'Gloria,' in which he appears with the empress in the midst of the heavenly host, and supported by angels, in an attitude of solemn adoration. This superb picture, which, after the monarch's death, accompanied his remains to the Escorial, is reported by tradition to have been placed over the great altar in the church of Yuste. That this was the case is rendered probable by the size of the painting, which made it better suited to a church than a private apartment. In the space above the altar, Charles could, moreover, readily see it through the window of his chamber; and, from his sick-bed, his eyes might still rest on the features of the sainted being who had been dearest to him on earth."

The Emperor's reading in his retreat consisted chiefly of his dispatches—news from

the living, not from the past world. History found no favor in his eyes. He read *Cæsar* in translation; but he preferred *Avila* to all other historians. Charles, nevertheless, was not above literary trifling.—

"The work which had the greatest interest for the monarch was a French poem '*Le Chevalier Délibéré*,' which had great success in its day. It was chiefly devoted to celebrating the glories of the house of Burgundy, and especially that prince of fire-eaters, Charles the Bold. The emperor, pleased with the work, and the more so, no doubt, that it commemorated the achievements of his own ancestral line, had formerly amused his leisure hours by turning it into Spanish. He afterwards employed his chamberlain, William Van Male, to revise it, and correct the style for him. Thus purified, it was handed over to a poet of the court, named Acuña, who forthwith did it into set Castilian verse."

Charles only wanted style and genius to become a second *Cæsar*. He wrote *Memoirs* of his own Life, and ordered a translation to be made by Van Male, into Latin, in "a style which should combine the separate merits of Tacitus, Livy, Suetonius, and *Cæsar*." But the work is not known, and probably it was destroyed by Philip—a great destroyer of documents!

After writing and quoting so much from these new books of European history, we scarcely need to add, that they are most carefully written, in Mr. Prescott's best manner, and will attract all serious readers.

**ORIGIN OF THE RUSSELLS.**—The family of Russell, which has occupied so conspicuous a position in the history of our country, derives its name and origin from the little hamlet of Rosel, situated about eight miles from Caen in Normandy. The old curé of Rosel, in turning over the musty archives of his parish, found frequent mention of the family of Rosellius, as being possessed of great estates in the neighborhood; and by dint of searching the registers, traced down the family till it assumed the name of Russell, who, having settled in England, acquired great wealth and rank in that country. Now it happened that the parish had dwindled down into a little hamlet, and the church was out of repair. Our good curé, therefore, indited a letter containing much complimentary and supplicatory matter, and addressing it to "Milord Russell, London," awaited the event with patience. Not many weeks elapsed before the letter came to Lord John Russell's hands, who requested Lord Clarendon to cause inquiries

to be made. The Earl of Clarendon placed the matter in the hands of P. Barrow, Esq., the vice-consul of Caen; and he not only confirmed the curé's story, but obtained much corroborative testimony connected with the family of Russell. The Duke of Bedford, on the petition being presented to him, immediately gave orders for a handsome bell to be made for the church; and when Mr. Barrow had informed his Grace that the parish was too poor to afford to pay for the carriage of it from England, and that the bell-tower required repairing, the Duke defrayed every expense of transit, and requested Mr. Barrow to have the tower repaired, and the bell hung, entirely free of expense to the curé or the parish. It was a happy day in Rosel when the first sounds of the Duke's bell were heard. With the consul's assistance, a village fête was held; the bell was blessed, and rang forth its mellow tones; and many a prayer and blessing from old and young were offered on behalf of the Lord of Rosel.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From The Athenæum.

*Letter from W. S. Landor to R. W. Emerson. Bath, Williams.*

MR. EMERSON, as our readers know, lately touched Mr. Landor with his lance. The hurt was not serious—a mere touch-and-go that scarce drew blood—but a prick rouses the war-horse, and the literary veteran leaps into the arena, brandishing his weapon, and ready to break a spear with his adversary, and make sport for the literary Philistines. That the sport is excellent sport, we need not say. Mr. Landor cannot be angry without being amusing. At first, he seems to be in perfect humor,—he makes a knightly obeisance to the spectators,—and shakes hands with his assailant. But the exercise of arms inflames his spirits,—the flash of steel dazzles his eyes,—and as the blood swells into his heart, and his hands swing with unwonted strength, he lays on right and left, hitting vigorously at all who come in his way. When such a combatant is in the field, who will not like to see the jousting?

To drop the metaphor:—Mr. Landor's gossip on Life, Art, Manners, and Men—for his reply to Mr. Emerson's rather flippant remarks in "English Traits" runs over all the space from Plato to Pœrio—has the pungency, the hyssop, and the strength of his best writings in his best time. That the individuality—the Landorism—is not less apparent in this new explosion of glorious mirth and Cyclopean humor than in former writings from the same daring pen, the reader shall see. What, for example, does the reader think of the following comparison between Goethe and Mr. Landor, in which the preference is given very decidedly to Mr. Landor himself? The writer is speaking of Southey, and of Southey's recognition of his youth-poem, "Gebir."—

"In the letters now edited by Mr. Watter, I find that in the *Whitehaven Journal* there was inserted a criticism, in which, on the strength of this poem, I am compared and preferred to Goethe. I am not too much elated. Neither in my youthful days nor in any other have I thrown upon the world such trash as 'Werter' and 'Wilhelm Meister,' nor flavored my poetry with the corrugated spicery of metaphysics. Nor could he have written in a lifetime any twenty, in a hundred or thereabout, of my 'Imaginary Conversations.'"

Mr. Landor admits that he has been envious; and the confession of this sin, coming from an aged gentleman, seated of right on one of the very highest peaks of literature, is exceedingly droll and pleasant. "I never envied," says Mr. Landor, "any man any thing but waltzing, for which I would have given all the little talents I had acquired. I dared not attempt to learn it; for though I was active and my ear was accurate, I felt certain I should have been unsuccessful."

To leave Mr. Landor for less lofty topics,—here is a note on Sculpture, with an odd fling at Michael Angelo.—

"Sculpture at the present day flourishes more than it ever did since the age of Pericles; and America is not cast into the shade by Europe. I do prefer Giovanni da Bologna to Michael Angelo, who, indeed, in his conceptions is sublime, but often incorrect, and sometimes extravagant, both in sculpture and painting. I confess I have no relish for his prodigious *giblet pie* in the Capella Sistina, known throughout the world as his 'Last Judgment.' Grand in architecture, he was no ordinary poet, no lukewarm patriot. Deploable, that the inheritor of his house and name is so vile a sycophant, that even the blast of Michael's trumpet could not rouse his abject soul."

The gentle paragraph which rounds this passage is extremely characteristic. Mr. Landor's sting generally lies in his tail. Take, as another example, the following opinion on Mr. Carlyle.—

"We come to Carlyle, of whom you tell us 'he worships a man that will manifest any truth to him.' Would he have patience for the truth to be manifested? or would he accept it then? Certainly the face of truth is very lovely, and we take especial care that it shall never lose its charms by familiarity. He declares that '*Landor's principle is mere rebellion.*' Quite the contrary is apparent and prominent in many of my writings. I always was a Conservative; but I would eradicate any species of evil, political, moral, or religious, as soon as it springs up, with no reference to the blockheads who cry out, '*What would you substitute in its place?*' When I pluck up a dock or a thistle, do I ask any such a question? I have said plainly, more than once, and in many quarters, that I would not alter or greatly modify the English Constitution. I denounced at the time of its enactment the fallacy of the Reform Bill. And here I beg pardon for the word *fallacy*, instead of *humbug*, which entered into our phraseology

with two other sister graces, *Sham* and *Pluck*. I applaud the admission of new peers; and I think it well that a large body of them should be hereditary. But it is worse than mere popery that we should be encumbered by a costly and heavy bench of Cardinals, under the title of Bishops, and that their revenues should exceed those in the Roman States. I would send a beadle after every Bishop who left his diocese, without the call of his Sovran, the head of the Church, for some peculiar and urgent purpose relating to it solely. I would surround the throne with splendor and magnificence, and grant as large a sum as a thousand pounds weekly for it, with two palaces; no land but what should be rented. The highest of the nobility would be proud of service under it, without the pay of menials. I approve the expansion of our peerage; but never let its members, adscititious or older, think themselves the only nobility; else peradventure some of them may be reminded that there are among us men whose ancestors stood in high places, and who did good service to the country, when theirs were cooped up within borough-walls, or called on duty from the field as serfs and villains. Democracy, such as yours in America, is my abhorrence. Republicanism far from it; but there are few nations capable of receiving, fewer of retaining, this pure and efficient form. Democracy is lax and disjointed; and whatever is loose wears out the machine. The nations on the Ebro, and the mountaineers of Biscay, enjoyed it substantially for century after century. Holland, Ragusa, Genoa, Venice, were deprived of it by that *Holy Alliance* whose influence is now withering the Continent, and changing the features of England. We are losing our tensify of sinew; we are germanizing into a flabby and effete indifference. It appears to me that the worst calamity the world has ever undergone, is the prostration of Venice at the feet of Austria. The oldest and truest nobility in the world was swept away by Napoleon. How happily were the Venetian States governed for a thousand years, by the brave and circumspect gentlemen of the island city! All who did not conspire against its security were secure. Look at the palaces they erected! Look at the Arts they cultivated! Look, on the other side, at the damp and decaying walls; enter; and there behold such countenances as you will never see elsewhere. These are not among the creatures whom God will permit any Deluge to sweep away. Heretofore, a better race of beings has uniformly succeeded to a viler though a vaster; and it will be so again. Rise, Manin! rise, Garibaldi! rise, Mazzini!

Compose your petty differences, quell your discordances, and stand united! Strike, and spare not; strike high. '*Miles, faciem feri*,' cried the wisest and most valiant of the Roman race. I have enjoyed the conversation of Carlyle within the room where I am writing. It appeared at that time less evidently than now that his energy goes far beyond his discretion. Perverseness is often mistaken for strength, and obstinacy for consistency. There is only one thing in which he resembles other writers; namely, in saying that which he can say best, and with most point. You tell us, 'he does not read Plato.' *Perhaps there may be a sufficient reason for it.*"

From Mr. Carlyle we pass to a notice of Wordsworth,—not more complimentary.—

"We now are at Rydal Mount. Wordsworth's bile is less fervid than Carlyle's: it comes with more saliva about it, and with a hoarser expectation. 'Lucretius he esteems a far higher poet than Virgil.' The more fool he! 'not in his system, which is nothing, but in his power of illustration.' Does a power of illustration imply the *high* poet? It is in his system (which, according to Wordsworth, *is nothing*), that the power of Lucretius consists. Where then is its use? But what has Virgil in his 'Eclogues,' in his 'Georgics,' or in his 'Æneid,' requiring illustration? Lucretius does indeed well illustrate his subject; and few even in prose among the philosophers have written so intelligibly; but the quantity of his poetry does not much exceed three hundred lines in the whole: one of the noblest specimens of it is a scornful expostulation against the fear of death. Robert Smith, brother of Sydney, wrote in the style of Lucretius such Latin poetry as is fairly worth all the rest in that language since the banishment of Ovid. Even Lucretius himself nowhere hath exhibited such a continuation of manly thought and of lofty harmony. We must now descend to Wordsworth once again. He often gave an opinion on authors which he never had read, and on some which he could not read; Plato, for instance."

Mr. Landor tells us how he read through the whole of Plato in the Magliabechian Library at Florence, and distilled the impurities from the Attic honey. A weakness seems to lie in human nature with regard to Plato. No man who reads him ever believes that another man has read him. Few Grecians acknowledge other Grecians. No Platonist admits that another is also a Platonist. Whence arises this weakness about Plato and his writings? To return to



Mr. Landor's gentle criticism on Wordsworth.—

"He speaks contemptuously of the Scotch. The first time I ever met him, and the only time I ever conversed with him longer than a few minutes, he spoke contemptuously of Scott, and violently of Byron. He chattered about them incoherently and indiscriminately. In reality, Scott had singularly the power of imagination and of construction; Byron little of either; but this is what Wordsworth neither said nor knew. His censure was hardened froth. I praised a line of Scott's on the dog of a traveller lost in the snow (if I remember) on Skiddaw. He said it was the only good one in the poem, and began instantly to recite a whole one of his own upon the same subject. This induced me afterwards to write as follows on a fly-leaf in Scott's poems:

"Ye who have lungs to mount the Muse's hill,  
Here slake your thirst aside their liveliest rill:

Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping-hot,  
Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott."

"I was thought unfriendly to Scott for one of the friendliest things I ever did toward an author. Having noted all the faults of grammar and expression in two or three of his volumes, I calculated that the number of them, in all, must amount to above a thousand. Mr. Lockhart, who married his daughter, was indignant at this, and announced, at the same time (to prove how very wrong I was) that they were corrected in the next edition. Scott's reading was extensive, but chiefly within the range of Great Britain and France; Wordsworth's lay, almost entirely, between the near grammar-school and Rydal Mount. He would not have scorned, although he might have reviled, the Scotch authors, if he ever had read Archibald Bower, or Hume, or Smollett, or Adam Smith; he would have indeed hated Burns; he would never have forgiven Beattie that incomparable stanza,—

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store

Of charms that Nature to her votary yields,

The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,

The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,

And all the dread magnificence of heaven:  
O how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?"

"Nor would he have endured that song

of Burns, more animated than the odes of Pindar,—

"Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled."

"When Hazlitt was in Tuscany he often called on me, and once asked me whether I had ever seen Wordsworth. I answered in the negative, and expressed a wish to know something of his appearance.—'Sir,' said Hazlitt, 'have you ever seen a horse?'—'Assuredly.'—Then, sir, you have seen Wordsworth.'—When I met him some years after at a friend's on the lake of Waswater, I found him extremely civil. There was equity in the lower part of his face: in the upper was much of the contemplative, and no little of the calculating. This induced me, when, at a breakfast where many were present, he said he 'would not give five shillings for all Southey's poetry,' to tell a friend of his that he might safely make such an investment of his money and throw all his own in."

Mr. Landor does not appreciate Mackintosh, and gives his no-reasons.—

"What is there eminently to praise in him? Are there not twenty men and women at the present hour who excel him in style and genius? His reading was extensive: he had much capacity, less comprehensiveness and concentration. I know not who may be the 'others of your recent friends' whom you could not excite me to applaud. I am more addicted to praise than censure. We English are generally as fierce partisans in literary as in parliamentary elections, and we cheer or jostle a candidate of whom we know nothing. I always kept clear of both quarters. I have votes in three counties, I believe I have in four, and never gave one. I would rather buy than solicit or canvass, but preferably neither. Nor am I less abstinent in the turbulent contest for literary honors. Among the many authors you have conversed with in England, did you find above a couple who spoke not ill of nearly all the rest? Even the most liberal of them, they who concede the most, subtract at last the greater part of what they have conceded, together with somewhat beside. And this is done, forsooth, out of fairness, truthfulness, &c.! The nearest the kennel are the most disposed to splash the polished boot."

Surely our Knight is here forgetful of himself and of his order. Is difference of estimate the necessary result of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness? Do we so consider Mr. Landor's abuse of Byron, Goethe, and other poets? What follows is amusing as

to the opinion expressed, and, in a different way, interesting as to the facts.—

"How different in features, both personal and poetical, are Goethe and Wordsworth! In the countenance of Goethe there was something of the elevated and august; less of it in his poetry: Wordsworth's physiognomy was entirely rural. With a rambling pen he wrote admirable paragraphs in his longer poem, and sonnets worthy of Milton: for example,—

"Two voices are there," &c.,

which is far above the highest pitch of Goethe. But his unbraced and unbuttoned impudence in presence of our grand historians, Gibbon and Napier, must be reprehended and scouted. Of Gibbon I have delivered my opinion; of Napier, too, on whom I shall add nothing more at present than that he superseded the Duke, who intended to write the history of his campaigns, and who (his nephew Capt. William Wellesley tells me) has left behind him 'Memoirs.'

A paragraph in a higher key celebrates the person and opinions of Alfieri. Mr. Landor loved and honored the poet, with a thorough knowledge of his greatness.—

"I think oftener with Alfieri than with any other writer, and quite agree with him that 'Italy and England are the only countries worth living in.' The only time I ever saw Alfieri, was just before he left this country forever. I accompanied my Italian master, Parachinetti, to a bookseller's to order

the Works of Alfieri and Metastasio, and was enthusiastic, as most young men were, about the French Revolution. 'Sir,' said Alfieri, 'you are a very young man; you are yet to learn that nothing good ever came out of France, or ever will. The ferocious monsters are about to devour one another; and they can do nothing better. They have always been the curse of Italy; yet we too have fools among us who trust them.' Such were the expressions of the most classical and animated poet existing in the present or past century, of him who could at once be a true patriot and a true gentleman. There was nothing of the ruffianly in his vigor; nothing of the vulgar in his resentment; he could scorn without a scoff; he could deride without a grimace. Had he been living in these latter days, his bitterness would have overflowed, not on France alone, nor Austria in addition, the two beasts that have torn Italy in pieces, and are growling over her bones; but more, and more justly, on those constitutional governments which, by abetting, have aided them in their aggressions and incursions."

So warm and buoyant runs the blood of our great prose writer, even in the mellowness of ripest years! While the "tree" lives, we hope we shall never fail to find on it more "last fruit." It is not every day that, by putting a hand over the garden wall, we can bring back the golden apples of the Hesperides.

RELICS OF THE STUARTS.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* writes from Rome: "A collection of antique jewels and arms, interesting from their intrinsic value and artistic merit, but still more from the circumstance of their having belonged at different periods to various members of the royal house of Stuart, has just been purchased in this city for Lord John Scott, from the late Cardinal York's *gentiluomo*, to which officer of his household his Eminence bequeathed these family relics. The collection, for which the purchaser has paid about £600, comprises the ring worn by the Pretender, entitled here James III., on his marriage here with the Princess Clementina Sobieski, and the marriage-ring of his son, Prince Charles Edward, inclosing a beautiful little miniature; a gold ring, with a white rose in enamel, worn by King James II. and James III.; a ring, with a cameo portrait in ivory of James II.; a ring, with a miniature portrait of Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York, when young; a ring, with a cameo portrait, by the celebrated engraver

Pickler, of James Sobieski, great uncle of the Pretender's wife; a ring, with a cameo portrait by the same artist, of the wife of Prince Charles Edward; a ring, with a cameo portrait of Prince Charles Edward; a ring, with a cameo portrait of the Duchess of Albany; a ring, containing a lock of hair of the Duchess of Albany; an antique emerald seal, formerly belonging to James III.; a chalcedony seal, with the Order of St. Andrew; Charles Stuart's watch-seal; seal, with the motto, 'Chacun à son tour;' Cardinal York's seal, with the royal arms; an enamelled medallion of the Order of St. George, formerly worn by King Charles I.; the blade of John Sobieski's sword; a jasper-handled dagger, taken by Sobieski from the tent of a Turkish bey at the siege of Vienna; a pair of richly ornamented pistols belonging to the Sobieski family; a portrait of the Duchess of Albany's mother; a dial and compass, mounted in silver, formerly belonging to Charles Stuart. These articles are now being carefully packed, and will be shortly forwarded to England."

From The Examiner.

## THE GOLD OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA.

The gold mines of California began to be worked effectively in 1848; those of Australia in 1851, and both together are believed to have furnished the world with a supply, up to the present time, of one hundred and twenty-five millions sterling, each of them yielding annually to the value of about twelve millions. It would appear at first sight, that, contrary to what took place on the discovery of the American mines in the 16th century, the world has been replenished of late years with gold alone, but this is not the case, for the production of gold has caused a nearly corresponding production of silver. This fact is sufficiently proved by the two metals having preserved very nearly their previous relative values of about fifteen to one, the difference in favor of silver not exceeding five per cent. This difference, of course, acts as a premium for its production. That premium would certainly not have been adequate, had not a new supply of quicksilver been furnished by California, almost at the same time with its gold. The production of silver in the most fertile mines is effected by amalgamation, and the quantity yielded depends almost wholly on the price of mercury, and so productive and free are the mines of California in this metal, that the old monopoly price of about 4s. 6d. a pound has fallen to 1s. 4d. Deducting the small amount of five per cent., it is certain, then, that the produce of silver has kept pace with that of gold, and consequently that for the last eight years the world has been furnished with an additional supply of the precious metals to the value of about £243,750,000.

What, then, has been the effect of this vast and also sudden increase of the precious metals on the industry of the world? Judging from what was supposed to have taken place from the influx of American gold in the 16th century, their value ought to have fallen to not less than one-third part of their previous value, while every object they represented ought to have risen to three times their former price. That was certainly the apprehension entertained on the first announcement of the Californian gold. The annuitant was to have received in real value only 6s. 8d. for his pound, and two-

thirds of the interest of the national debt were to have been paid off in a depreciated money.

No such effect has followed. The additional supply of the precious metals has stimulated the industry of the world, and in fact produced an amount of wealth, in representing which they have been themselves, as it were, absorbed. It is true there has been a rise, often a large one, in the cost of many articles, but in no case to the enormous amount which the public dreaded. When a rise has taken place it is easily traceable to special causes, generally to the supply not keeping pace with that demand which the increased power of the consumer—the joint result of gold and free trade—has given rise to. In every kind of corn there has been a large increase of price, caused by a series of bad or indifferent harvests throughout Europe, as well as by increased consumption. In animal food there has been an increase of price of at least fifty per cent., and this in the face of an importation of upwards of a quarter of a million head of live animals in 1855, a supply which hardly existed at all before the gold discoveries.

In cotton wool, the increase of price from 1848 to 1856 has been twenty per cent.; in flax, thirty per cent.; in coffee, above fifty per cent.; but in Russian hemp only four and a half per cent.; and in tea, notwithstanding the civil war that rages in the producing country, no more than twelve per cent. The price of Chinese silk has risen no less than seventy per cent., the special and acknowledged cause of which is the failure in the silk crops of France and Italy. At the same time, in some other staple articles, in which, from their nature, the supply has been quickly able to meet the demand, there has been either no increase of price at all, or a positive decline. Thus, the price of English bar iron is exactly the same now as it was in 1848, while sugar has declined sixteen per cent., and Australian wool twenty per cent.

The wealth of the world must have vastly increased for the last eight years to keep pace, as it evidently has done, with the vast increase in the precious metals. Some evidence of this is easily produced. Our own exports have been doubled, or increased from the value of £50,000,000 to £100,000,000.

The difference in this case alone would account for more than one-fifth of all the addition which has been made to the produce of the precious metals. But there has been an equal increase in the trade of Anglo-Saxon America, and a large one in that of France. The most remarkable increase is, of course, afforded by the gold-producing countries themselves. Thus in 1849, two years before the discovery of gold in Australia, our exports to that country were of the value of about £2,500,000, whereas in 1854 they rose to nearly £13,500,000, or had increased by 550 per cent.

Some unnecessary alarm has been experienced from what appears an incessant and innate export of silver to the East, most of it to Hindostan, but a considerable part also to China. Since the commencement of the gold discoveries a sum probably not exceeding the value of £3,000,000 a year has had this destination, a sum which does not after all appear an extravagant one for countries containing half the human race, without silver mines (China excepted), without paper money, without banks, and addicted to hoarding. If the present supply for Hindostan exceeds the usual amount, it is to be accounted for by the Indians furnishing to us more of their own produce than they take of our goods in return, producing the necessity on our part of paying in silver, by custom if not by law the universal currency of the stereotyped East. China in a still larger degree than India furnishes us with more of her goods than she takes of ours. In 1849 we took from that country tea to the value of about £3,000,000 only, but in 1854 to that of £5,379,892. In the first of these years China furnished us with raw silk, of which the value did not exceed £1,200,000; but in 1854 it rose to £3,318,112. In the present year it is tolerably certain that the value of this article will not be short of £8,000,000, which will far exceed the value of the tea we get from the same country, a result which no one expected ever to see when it is remembered that under the monopoly the value never exceeded £200,000. Between 1849 and 1854 the increase in the value of these two staples only was close on £5,000,000, and no wonder we are called on to send silver to China, when our whole exports from the United Kingdom to it in 1854 did

not exceed a million and a half, while our imports from it exceeded nine millions!

The influx of Californian and Australian gold, then, has hitherto produced no depreciation of the precious metals; but it may be said that eight years are not time sufficient to produce such an effect as the influx of American gold is alleged to have done in the sixteenth century. Adam Smith states that the effect of that influx was not felt in England until about the year 1570, some twenty years after the discovery of the mines of Potosi. We may safely aver that, in the present mode of carrying on the intercourse of nations, eight years are at the least equal to twenty of the sixteenth century. But the produce of Californian and Australian gold, as well as that of silver which has accompanied it, is likely to go on, and it may be asked if this must not in course of time produce a depreciation. We think it certainly is not likely to do so. If, suddenly poured upon a market unprepared for it, it has produced no depreciation, it is highly improbable it should do so when the supply is regular and expected. On the contrary, it will surely be absorbed by increasing wealth and population as fast as it is produced. The only danger would arise from the gold mines being arrested in production or exhausted, whence a serious depression in the price of all commodities represented by gold would certainly follow; but the risk of such a catastrophe does not seem very imminent.

So much, then, for the wonders wrought by the joint and happy effects of free trade and gold. The late Mr. Huskisson was the well-known practical apostle of the first, but it is less known that he predicted what would be the certain consequence of an increase of the last; and in justice to his prescience and sagacity we quote the opinion he expressed on this subject, as it is reported by Mr. Jacob in his learned and elaborate work on the precious metals, published sixteen years before the discovery of the gold of California: "He saw," says Mr. Jacob, "that an increase in the production of the mines might act as a stimulus to excite industry, invention, and energy, whilst a decline in their produce might have the contrary tendency."

In another paper we shall return to this subject, and endeavor to explain the source of the mistake which led to the erroneous



belief that an enormous depreciation of the precious metals was the consequence of the influx of them from America in the sixteenth century.

From The Economist.

#### THE WINE DISEASE AND ITS CURE.

THE failure of the wine crop for two or three years in succession has proved to be a misfortune, the effects of which have extended far beyond the countries of its growth. And it would be a great mistake to suppose that it is only the luxuries of the rich that have been interfered with by that calamity. In the first place, the laboring population of those countries which have been chiefly affected have suffered severely by being deprived of that labor upon which alone they depend for subsistence, in the case of Madeira amounting to an actual famine in its severest form;—and in the next place, the whole laboring population and humbler classes in the wine-producing countries have suffered all the misfortunes which attend a scarcity, and, consequently, a high price of one of the chief articles of their nourishment. But the mischief has not ended there. The failure of the vine has called into extensive requisition other articles the production of the same countries for the purpose of distillation. In France the consumption of grain for that purpose was likely to be so large that the Government stepped in and prohibited its use; but in other countries, where so objectionable, and, as it has proved, so futile a course was not taken, a large consumption of grain has taken place to replace the deficient wine. Again, in France a very extensive distillation of spirits has taken place from beet-root, which has been accordingly diverted from sugar-making; the deficiency of home-produced sugar has been made good by a larger importation of foreign sugar, and which in its turn has contributed to the deficient supplies of that article to other countries, and consequently to its high price. Again, so far as the produce of the vine has been converted into dried fruit in the shape of currants and raisins, the disease which was at an early period and most severely experienced in the Ionian Islands and other parts of the Mediterranean, has created a great scarcity and a very high price, which has been severely felt in all parts of Europe,

and which has also raised the price of all articles which could be used as substitutes.

Thus, in a great variety of ways, has the vine disease afflicted not only the immediate countries which suffered from it, but also the rest of Europe. The chief, and perhaps the most serious consequence, as it affects other countries, has yet, however, to be mentioned. The demand in this country for spirit for export has until very recently been of a most trivial character. The low brandies of France, the gin of Holland, and the rum of the sugar colonies, were produced in such large quantities and at such low prices that the export of British spirits was confined to a very small quantity to some of our own colonies. But during the last two years, this has entirely changed:—for the first time England has become a large exporting country of spirits, and that, too, chiefly, to those countries which we have always regarded as rivals with whom our distillers could not compete, and against whom, therefore, our laws had raised up a high barrier of discriminating and protective duties. Our distillers have been largely engaged in working for France, Spain, and Portugal; and inferior wines, which were formerly made up for the British market with low brandies, have latterly been “fortified,” as it is called, or “made up” with the spirit shipped from this country. The British spirit exported in the last five years was as follows:

	Gallons.
1851 . . .	229,650
1852 . . .	323,719
1853 . . .	827,913
1854 . . .	680,564
1855 . . .	3,840,691
Ten months in 1856 . . .	3,708,901

Thus, while the average quantity exported in the four years preceding 1855 was about 500,000 gallons a year, it reached in 1855 a quantity no less than 3,840,000 gallons, and in the present year it will exceed 4,000,000 gallons. Now, when we come to consider the enormous quantity of grain that has thus been called into requisition to supply an entirely new demand caused by the failure of the grape, and when we consider that this is all in addition to the quantity of spirits ordinarily made for home use, we can well understand at least one important cause which exists for the high price of bar-

ley and oats; and we then become sensible of one important way in which the misfortunes of the wine-growing countries are indirectly extended to this and other countries.

Fortunately there appears good ground for a belief that the disease is on the decrease, and that a remedy has been discovered for it. We annex a very interesting account of the disease and of the successful application of a remedy, taken from the trade circular of Messrs. Tuke and Co. In the Ionian Islands, which were among the first to suffer, and where the disease assumed the most serious aspect, we learn through several reliable channels that it is rapidly disappearing, and that the crop of the present year has proved as fine as that of any year prior to the disease appearing. It appears that this great change has been brought about by the use of sulphur. The following statement cannot fail to be read with much interest:

"The operations of the wine trade have been so disarranged and thrown off their accustomed level, by the continued influence of the vine disease, that we feel a lively satisfaction in being able to communicate to our friends that this fearful scourge has this year been vigorously and successfully grappled with, and that science has at length pointed out the means by which we may calculate on its certain and speedy extinction.

"It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that this malady commenced, or was first observed, in England. Hothouses, from their constant heat and humidity, appear to be particularly favorable for its formation, and in 1846, Mr. Tucker, of Margate, first drew the attention of botanists to this peculiar form of disease as developed in his vineries, and from him it has acquired the name of the 'Oidium Tuckeri.' It would appear to have existed in ancient times, for in 'Pliny's Natural History' we find the description of a disease of the vine with symptoms analogous to present appearances; but there is no historical evidence for assuming that it has at any previous period attained the gigantic proportions of the present day.

"From England the malady appears to have passed to France, where it was first observed in hothouses near Paris, in 1847; after that year it spread gradually to the vines in the field, and in 1849 had reached such an extent as to become an object of particular investigation by the Central

Society of Agriculture of Paris; and by continued exertions and scientific investigations, an elucidation of the disease has at length been accomplished, and a remedy has been discovered.

"The 'Oidium Tuckeri' is one of the numerous cryptogamic fungi, of which the mode of reproduction is concealed, as the name indicates. This parasite of the vine throws off innumerable globules invisible to the naked eye, which, conveyed by the winds, fall upon plants suitable to their nourishment, and multiply in prodigious quantities. At one time fears were generally entertained that the oidium was a disease in the vine plant, but more careful investigation has established the consolatory fact that it is purely external.

"Various experimental remedies have been suggested and applied with partial success, till at length science and experience have decisively ascertained that sulphur is the only medium that can be relied upon, and that this is perfectly efficacious.

"Its effects were first tried upon diseased vines in hothouses, when it was found that the vapor arising from sulphur, strewed upon the metal tubes used to convey heat, was amply sufficient to destroy the disease. Encouraged by this success, sulphur was then applied to the vines in the field; first by a proprietor in the Medoc, afterwards by the Counts de Duchatel, De Seze, and Piscatori, in the department of the Gironde; it has also been successfully applied by Mr. Rose Charmeux, in a vineyard of 120 hectares (a hectare is equal to about 24 English acres), at Thomery, and also by Mr. Mares, secretary to the Agricultural Society of Montpellier, who has published the results of his experiments in a pamphlet entitled 'Sur la Maladie de la Vigne.'

"A simple and ingenious instrument for the distribution of the sulphur has been invented by Mr. Gontier, of Montrouge, near Paris. It appears from the description to be a bellows of peculiar form, furnished with a pan or chamber of tin for holding the sulphur, placed near the mouth of the spout. The charge of this chamber is one quarter of a kilo. (a kilo. is 2 1-5 lbs. English), which is sufficient to bew powder from thirty to fifty shoots, according to the development of the leaves. The sulphur must be applied as soon as the first symptoms of the malady exhibit themselves; the vines must be carefully watched, and the operation repeated on the slightest re-appearance. Three sulphurings are generally sufficient: once before, once during, and once after the flowering of the vine. The most efficacious is the one during the flowering, which is particularly encouraged by the presence of

sulphur. The most favorable period for the operation is during a hot sunshine. The quantity used for each operation is 50 kilos. of flour of sulphur per hectare, which are stated to have cost fourteen francs; the labor is estimated at six francs. Total cost of each sulphuring twenty francs, which repeated three times makes the cost sixty francs, or about one pound sterling per English acre.

"The perfect success of these operations have been demonstrated, and the results communicated, in a report addressed to the French Minister of Commerce by Benoit Bonnel, of Narbonne.

"Important and satisfactory as these communications are, we have still more decided evidence of the successful application of sulphur, and on a more extended scale, from the Ionian Islands. In 1851 these islands shipped 40,000 tons of currants of superb quality; in the years 1852-3-4 the currant vines, severely attacked by the oidium, exhibited a total failure of produce. In 1855, there was a partial recovery, and the shipments amounted to 7,000 tons, but of wretched quality; this year the Ionian farmers commenced the vigorous application of sulphur, and with such effect that they are now shipping 20,000 tons of currants, equal in quality to the celebrated year of 1851. For this happy change they are exclusively indebted to the use of sulphur, for proprietors from those islands, with whom we have been in personal communication, have assured us that even this year those farmers who neglected to apply sulphur have suffered as severely from the disease as in previous years.

"With facts so conclusive and evidence so decisive of the complete success of sulphur in subduing the attacks of the oidium, we cannot doubt that the vineyard proprietors of France, Spain, and Portugal will next year adopt energetic measures to counteract or overcome this fearful malady, should it again present itself.

"And should the means of individual proprietors be unequal to the effort, we hope that the Governments of these respective countries will give the aid necessary to enable them to restore the prosperity of their vineyards, and thereby re-instate these important sources of national wealth. We may, therefore, fairly anticipate, that in 1857 we shall see the vineyards of the wine-producing countries restored to their former state of fertility and productiveness; and should this be the result, we may hope that with the stocks now on hand in this country and in the depots of Oporto, Cadiz, and Bordeaux, we shall be enabled to tide over the present unexampled crisis without ad-

vancing to those extreme prices which would materially diminish consumption in many classes, and in some would lead to the total disuse of wine."

From The Economist, 29 November.

## INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

GARTSIDE VS. OUTRAM.

A CASE involving principles of great importance to the public, especially to men in business who are obliged to confide their secrets to clerks and servants, and who must have accomplices in carrying out any scheme of petty or great fraud or false dealing, was tried before the Vice-Chancellor, Sir W. Page Wood, on Tuesday week. The following is an abridgment of the report, which will put our readers in possession of the facts of the case:

"The plaintiffs, Abram Gartside, George Ward, and John Lord Bowes, are wool-brokers at Liverpool, and the defendant Outram had originally been their apprentice and afterwards their sales clerk for three years up to July, 1855, when he left their service. The object was to obtain an injunction against the defendant to restrain him from copying, publishing, parting with, distributing, or otherwise communicating or making known any copies or extracts or entries, made or obtained by him or in his possession, of any of the books, accounts, letters, or documents of the plaintiffs, or in any wise relating to their business, or from disclosing any of the dealings and transactions of the plaintiffs in relation thereto; and that the defendant might be ordered to deliver up all such copies, extracts, and entries as have been obtained by the defendant. The plaintiffs in 1856 discovered that the defendant had availed himself of the facilities afforded by his situation to obtain extracts and copies, and they alleged that the documents from which the copies and extracts were made were of a confidential nature, and that the publication of them would be attended with great injury and inconvenience to their business, and to the interests of other parties. The defendant, in answer, alleged that the plaintiffs carried on their business in a manner which was fraudulent towards their customers, and instanced specific cases in which customers had been, according to his view, defrauded. His allegations were that when wool was sent to them to dispose of with a limit of price which was below the market price, the plaintiffs were in the habit of taking it themselves and sending fictitious sold notes, by which it was made to appear that the wool was sold at the price limited, and

that they then sold it at the real market price, or higher, if possible, and pocketed the difference. The defendant set out one particular case, in which a person, from information furnished by him, had had his accounts investigated, and had recovered from the plaintiffs £1,500 by the award of an arbitrator. The defendant filed cross interrogatories, and called upon the plaintiffs to answer questions with a view to extract from them evidence to substantiate the case he had set up. The plaintiffs declined to answer interrogatories relative to the alleged fraud, upon the ground that they were irrelevant to the suit.

"Mr. Eddis, for the plaintiffs, contended that the general privilege of masters and clients, that their confidential transactions should not be revealed by those who stood in a confidential relationship to them, must be maintained. The defendant had abused the confidence of his employers, and had only made roving suggestions of fraud, which he sought to establish by the plaintiffs themselves.

"The Vice-Chancellor had no doubt that the plaintiffs were bound to answer the interrogatories. The arguments which had been used as to the confidential relationship between the parties, and the abuse of that confidential relationship, did not apply to the present case. It did not come within the wholesome rule, there being no such relationship as confidential relationship in matters of fraud recognized by the law. Nothing could be less roving than the answer put in by the defendant. It was clear, sharp, plain, marked, and defined. In addition to the specific case of the £1,500 recovered on the arbitration, he undertakes to prove other cases of a similar nature. He says, 'If this bill succeeds, I shall be prevented from making these disclosures public.' The defendant is entitled to establish the truth of these facts, which he may do by filing a cross bill of discovery or interrogatories, and the plaintiffs are not entitled to the protection they claim. His Honor referred to the celebrated case of '*Annesley vs. the Earl of Anglesea*' (17th vol. of '*State Trials*'), and the argument of learned counsel in that case, Serjeant Tisdall, p. 1.229, was so apposite that he would deliver it as part of his judgment in the present case:—'I shall first beg leave to consider whether an attorney may be examined to any matter which came to his knowledge as an attorney. If he is employed as an attorney in any unlawful or wicked act, his duty to the public obliges him to disclose it; no private obligations can dispense with that universal one which lies on every member of the society to discover every design which may be found, contrary to the laws of the society, to destroy

the public welfare. For this reason I apprehend that if a secret which is contrary to the public good, such as a design to commit treason, murder, or perjury, comes to the knowledge of an attorney, even in a case wherein he is concerned, the obligation to the public must dispense with the private obligation to the client.' The judgment of Baron Mounteney in the same case is also precisely to the point, in which he asks, 'What will be the consequence of the doctrine now laid down, and so earnestly contended for, that such a declaration made by any person to his attorney ought not by that attorney to be proved?' (The declaration alleged to have been made by the defendant was that he did not care if it cost him £10,000, if he could get Mr. Annesley hanged.) His Honor added that a case had lately been before him relating to the fictitious dock warrants issued by Cole, who had employed a clerk. Could Cole have filed a bill to restrain that clerk from disclosing facts connected with that transaction? To admit any such doctrine would be to encourage fraud. If the defendant here made the case set up in his answer it would defeat the plaintiff's bill, and he was therefore clearly entitled to put these interrogatories to establish such defence. The exceptions must, therefore, be allowed."

We do not take notice of the case with any view to the individuals concerned. We cannot agree with a contemporary who says: "We can conceive of nothing more contemptible, of nothing which is more deserving of public reprobation and of punishment, than an agent who, besides taking his fair and ordinary commission, makes an unfair and extraordinary profit out of the distresses of his principal." We know many acts quite as contemptible and quite as deserving of reprobation as this, very often done, we are afraid, by brokers, and which pass current, like such practices by them, without censure. We quite agree, however, with the *Leeds Mercury*, that the rule, "a broker employed to sell shall not buy on his own account," is excellent, and it ought not to be disregarded or broken through; while to create "fictitious sold notes," and send them to the principal as the actual account of his goods sold, is an inexcusable fraud not much better than forgery. The case is in its peculiarities extremely interesting, worthy the attention of all our commercial readers, and also very illustrative of some general principles now much debated in the world.

We have expressly left in, to mark one



important part of the case, what the Vice-Chancellor, quoting from another and confirming by his own authority, said of the duties of an attorney, and which applies equally to the duties of a barrister, because members of these professions, as we have more than once said, sometimes lend themselves knowingly and wilfully to defend fraud. The principles of law being always inferior to the principles of morality which the law is intended to enforce, and to the principles of commercial morality derived from the nature of commercial occupations, the commercial classes, by confiding in attorneys and barristers and steering their course by the law, neglect the safer guides of conscience and honesty. The dictum of the Judge includes a design to commit perjury, which the attorney or the barrister in many cases not only knows of but encourages when he undertakes to bring a client through, and permits him to swear falsely, and asks leading questions to elicit partial and perjured statements. To have this dictum as to the duties of the two professions made public on such high authority, will both keep the professions more honest, and warn commercial men against confiding in them and running to them for advice, in order to make fraud triumph over fair dealing.

The principle of confidential relationship, however, on which Mr. Eddis relied, and which is the all-important principle at issue, seems derived from the confessional. It was adopted less to convert and correct sinners, than to place them at the mercy of the confessor. It is a part of the great system of the discipline of the Romish Church, in which an oath to superiors was enforced on novices as overriding all other moral obligations, and intended to create for the service of the priesthood an army of spies, seducers, and betrayers. The obligation of a vow or an oath as more binding than other moral obligations, and therefore frequently used and relied on to enforce them, is indeed of great antiquity, and has been handed down through the confessional and the law to our own time. It was used to give validity to compacts founded on injustice. It is supposed, more than the love of country, born with us and strengthened by all the ties of kindred and affection, and all the habits of speech, which constitute the man himself much more than the ever-changing body, to connect subjects with their

rulers, and is still used as a substitute for heartfelt loyalty in the former, and the honest performance of duty in the latter. An oath enforced by punishment, binding the soldier to obedience, is the basis of military discipline; but as it does not even in his case relieve him from the exercise of his discretion,—for he must not shoot his colonel though ordered by his sergeant,—so in no case does an oath relieve men from moral obligations, or supersede them, however much it may enforce them. No minor obligation, therefore, no relationship, even though sanctioned and enforced by an oath of office, can exonerate an individual from the required obedience to the higher obligations of morality, and consequently cannot exonerate him from his duty not to be a party to fraud, any more than to perjury, murder, or treason.

As it is now perfectly clear that the law cannot possibly reach every case of fraud and cannot prevent frauds, and perfectly clear, from the case of Agar, Burgess and Pierce, concerned in the gold dust robbery, that no watchfulness can guard against ingenuity sharpened by excessive desire,—that no servant under such an influence can be implicitly trusted,—it is of great importance to have this principle of individual moral responsibility enforced on public attention. Men of business will be sensible after this statement of the Vice-Chancellor that the law will not encourage their clerks to keep improper secrets. Clerks will learn that their duty to their employers will not exonerate them from guilt, even in the eye of the law, if they make themselves parties to their masters' frauds. Individuals are made honest and taught justice by the action of society; they are in the main kept honest and just by its influence, though it is customary to suppose the reverse; and the sense of individual responsibility thus enforced on all will go farther to insure moral improvement throughout society than any penal code, however minute and comprehensive.

When a merchant knows that every servant under him will be under no obligation to conceal his misdeeds if he be inclined to be fraudulent—when a ship-owner knows that his captain, instead of painting and varnishing and ramping up an old worn-out vessel to procure a cargo and endanger both life and property, is bound to abstain from being a party to such a proceeding and to expose it—

when he knows that his mates and his seamen and his cabin-boy are all bound not only to take care of their own lives in opposition to their employer and not to embark on board a crazy craft, but are also bound to expose the state of the case to others,—there will be more caution and more honesty than at present amongst these respectable classes of men. When railway directors and managers of all kinds of companies know that every clerk may be a watch upon them, and, instead of helping them to deceive the public and the shareholders, may feel himself under an obligation to expose falsely cooked accounts and falsely announced schemes, we shall have much less fraud in all companies than at present. In fact, we know no means of preventing fraud so efficacious as making every individual who is a party to it, through every class of society, servants and masters, lawgivers and people, ministers and their subordinates, responsible for it, and bound to check or expose or resist it. Moral improvement may be expected, from the promulgation by authority of the principle that conscientious responsibility belongs to every man, and overrules all obligations to subserve immoral purposes, however imposed and however disguised, and whether of fraud or violence.

From *The Economist*, 13 Dec.

#### THE PERSIAN EXPEDITION.

THE English people often take a very common-sense, and, on the whole, a very sound view, of questions of foreign policy, when these come before them in the shape of practical action to meet an obvious danger or an immediate necessity. When an ally is to be succored, or a citizen protected, or an attack repelled, or an insult resented, the good feeling which distinguishes the nation comes in aid of its good sense, and a Minister has rarely to complain of any disposition to blame or any indisposition to sanction the most prompt and spirited proceedings. Wherever the safety or the honor of Great Britain is manifestly concerned, the country is never lukewarm; and a Government that acts with vigor and decision may always rely upon substantial justice and cordial support. Of course the voice of faction will be raised; but it is seldom much listened to, and seldomer still does it prevail.

But the public, though in the main intelligent and equitable, is not in the same pro-

portion *foreseeing*, or disposed to give ear to those who are so. It is the duty of the Foreign Minister of England to watch coming events; to be cognizant of all the secret links, imperceptible to the general eye and the untrained mind, which connect apparent trivialities with momentous consequences; to be ever on the alert to detect and check those incipient movements of aggression and injury which can be effectually and easily suppressed only in their incipency; and to see in a slight and unimportant proceeding on the part of some hostile or rival Power the first step and indication of a policy which, in its ulterior and logical development, will entail bloody wars and severe struggles for existence or for empire. It is not in the power, and it is not the duty, of the nation to follow him in this intricate and profound branch of statesmanship: it is impossible they should do so—they have not either the leisure or the information requisite for the purpose. But they may and they ought to give him credit for doing what must be done, and what yet they cannot do—for seeing further than they see, and sooner than they see; and when he acts in a way which they did not expect, and are not at first sight inclined to approve, they should be ready to assume that he discerns what for the moment is hidden from them, and acts on information and from knowledge of the question which they do not possess.

In truth, what is called a meddlesome and quarrelsome policy, is, in the majority of cases, only a vigilant and provident policy. In international questions, above all others, does the proverb hold that "a stitch in time saves nine." Many evils may be dealt with in their infancy that would be unmanageable if left to attain their full growth. Many dangers may be crushed in the egg that would crush us in their mature strength and stature. Aggressions and encroachments begin by slow degrees. Almost all questions and disputes are small at first. Almost all injustices and affronts are little, but mean much. They are ventured upon or refrained from just according to the opinion entertained by the one party of the character and power of the other. Now this character can be established by and shown in small matters as easily as in great, and far more economically. And in this world of covetous and larcenous sinners—where so many

are incessantly occupied in trying how far they may go, and how much they can get—it is often safest and best to show them at the outset that they will get nothing, and had better go no way at all. There are those who (as the vulgar phrase is) are forever "trying it on." It is well to let them understand at once that it won't fit. Till our boasted civilization has spread further and penetrated deeper than at present—till it has permeated the moral character of autocrats and peoples, as well as varnished the surface and augmented the amenities of life—those individuals and nations will insure the most safe and peaceable existence who, while strictly moderate and equitable in their own dealings, are careful to invite no encroachments, either by want of vigilance or want of tenacity, but tacitly proclaim to all whom it may concern that they see the scope and significance of each cautiously-ventured step of aggression, and are prepared to expose and repel it, however trivial or however veiled and muffled it may be. A character of this sort once established is a tower of strength, a hedge of protection, and a very mine of economic wealth.

In no circumstances is this character so necessary as in dealing with Oriental nations. They are inherently ignorant and *slavish*. By this we mean that they bow to Power: they do not bow to Justice. Right and Might are confounded in their minds to a degree which, in Western and Christian countries, we can scarcely realize. They are, too, much more governed by *ideas* than we are—just in proportion as they are more ignorant than we. They are incapable, for example, of estimating the real power of Great Britain and comparing it with their own. But they can fully estimate and are greatly impressed by the attitude of a nation that acts and speaks as if it believed itself to be invincible—that tolerates no slight—that resents every insult—that punishes every injury or breach of faith without mercy as without exception. Above all, they cannot understand forbearance or concession. The notion of yielding any thing except from weakness—of giving up this possession because it was unimportant, or retracting that step because it was unjust—is one they cannot entertain. They never do such a thing themselves, and they cannot comprehend that others should. If we pass over an indignity, it is because we

dare not resent it. If we submit to a wrong, it is because we are powerless to avenge it. It is obvious that in dealing with people of this sort, we must proceed upon somewhat different principles from those which regulate our intercourse with the civilized nations of Europe, who are acquainted with our resources, and are less likely to misinterpret our actions. An Eastern Potentate is a creature profoundly ignorant of the real world—swollen with insane pride—with no notion of controlling himself, and little inclined to believe that any one else is able to control him. His passionate and pampered will is constantly prompting him to acts of aggression or ill-faith. His pride and his ignorance combine to persuade him that his will can meet with no resistance. Remonstrance and representation are of no avail, because he does not understand justice, and he does not believe in opposition or defeat. Only the rude shock of superior force, or such a distinct and palpable menace of it as can be made obvious to his senses, and can awe his impressible mind, will be found effectual to keep him in order. If he once—owing to slumbering vigilance or mistaken and unwise forbearance—gets the notion that he may transgress with impunity, from that moment there is no limit to his transgressions. He becomes so daring, so insolent, and so troublesome, that at last only the most signal disasters and the most severe retribution can bring him to his senses. A serious war and a terrible chastisement are ultimately needed to avenge that which timely firmness and an early demonstration could have averted. And the same parties that now blame the Government for their preventive promptitude, then cry out against their early inaction and their final harshness.

In all matters, more especially connected with our Eastern Empire, we live upon our reputation. To gain and to sustain this reputation, is a cheap and wise economy. Our Empire in the East is mainly one of ideas. We are a handful of Europeans—probably not 50,000—among 150,000,000 of subject and not always friendly races. We hold that Hindoo Peninsula, which has in all ages been regarded as the grand prize—the El Dorado—of adventurous Asiatic warriors. We hold it mainly through the instrumentality of the natives themselves—by the influence we have acquired over their minds—by

the notion with which we have impressed them of our indomitable energy and our invincible prowess. If this ascendancy were once shaken, our Empire *might* be retained or recovered, but it would be at a cost of life and treasure absolutely frightful to contemplate. If, by any error or any yieldingness on our part—by concession of any territory, by endurance of any insult to ourselves or our allies—by careless connivance at the infraction of any treaty—the Asiatic nations were once to become possessed with the idea that we were weak, or indolent, or timid, and might be affronted or assailed with impunity, or even with any chance of success,—enemies would spring up on every side; our prestige would be lost; our supremacy would again have to be fought for; and it would take 100,000 European troops to do what can now be done by the quiet word of a British Resident or Envoy.

These considerations form the justification of that expedition against Persia which so many inconsiderate persons regard, and have not scrupled to represent, as an instance of absurd and mischievous meddling in affairs with which we have no concern. Those who thus think and write, can have given very little study to the question. The siege of Herat by Persia is in distinct violation of an engagement entered into between us and that Power; and on the rigid enforcement of treaties rests half our authority in the East. The Shah of Persia, instigated by Russia, thinks that he may venture on his long-desired conquest of Afghanistan, and that we, exhausted by a European war, are in no condition to forbid him or to hold him to his sworn engagements. The arrival of our troops in the Persian Gulf will undeceive him; and the moment he perceives his mistake he will hasten to undo it. In a very short time we shall probably learn that the object of our warlike demonstration has been answered; that our character has been vindicated in the eyes of Oriental nations; and that our prompt and spirited action has se-

cured us another long interval of tranquillity and respect. Certain it is, that if we had remained passive spectators of such a breach of faith, and such an indirect menace to ourselves as is involved in a Persian invasion of Afghanistan, not a year would have elapsed before we should have had wars and insurrections on our hands, the very least of which would have been incalculably more costly and more serious than the recent expedition to Bushire.

No doubt the policy of promptitude to foresee dangers in the distance, and to resent aggressions and insults in the outset, is one which must be followed with sagacity and discretion. But our Empire in India is one of our grandest national possessions, and worth every effort to maintain. It is not only a glory to ourselves, it is an unspeakable blessing to the races which we govern. It is a trust and an acquisition, we cannot but feel, that is to be retained at all hazards and at any cost. Now, no one doubts that Herat is the key to Afghanistan, and that Afghanistan is the key to the northern provinces at least of India. Persia is the ready tool of Russia; and if Persia possessed Afghanistan, our tranquillity and security, it is obvious, would be ever at the mercy of a European rival. This must be prevented by whatever righteous means are in our power. And our best, shortest, cheapest, kindest means unquestionably lie in a policy which shall proclaim throughout the whole East that our vigilance never sleeps—that we discern danger and menace afar off as well as near at hand—that, as we observe treaties with scrupulous fidelity ourselves, we shall compel an equally scrupulous fidelity from all co-signitaries—that, while mild and equitable in our rule, we are strict to mark and severe to punish all affronts and all aggressions—that, in a word, we shall do justice and exact justice with inexorable hands, entirely disregarding of the smallness or remoteness of the question or the magnitude and expense of the necessary measures.